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THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 36. Price Ten Cents.

LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. SEYMOUR KELLER.

Long he wood her,
Warm he sued her
For his own;
Then he took her
And embraced her,
Then disgraced her,
And forsook her—
Left her all alone.

Was there naught of honor in him?
Could no kind thought of her win him
From his purpose mad?
Had all trace of manhood cherished
Vanished from his mind and perished,
Leaving naught but bad?

Naught of pleasure was there left her;
Every trace of hope bereft her
But the silent gloom.
Then the cup of poison, brimming,
Wins her for another's sinning,
Plunged her into doom.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
WORDSWORTH.

What need is there to describe Grassmere? Who does not know it, with its half-dozen rustic houses, handful of farms, irregular cluster of cottages, old, time-eaten church, rotting pillory and rusty stocks; its bright, silver stream, tall, regal trees, green-robed valleys, and heather-covered hills; and, lastly, its ancient, stately Hall and moss-grown Rectory?

English rural villages are very much alike, and between Grassmere and any other of the thousand-and-one English hamlets there was but little or no difference. Perhaps it might boast—for every village, no matter how small, boasts of something—of its old Hall and of the ancient blood of the people who held it, and in doing so it would not be vaunting without cause, for Chichester Hall was a noble pile, honored by age and a perfect halo of historic memories.

Artists traveled far and from all corners of the civilized world to gaze ecstatically upon its antique beauties, and transfer its left wing, right wing, and its noble facade to their bulky sketch-books. The greatest poet of the day had visited it and made it the scene of one of his greatest songs; and antiquarians, when discussing its age, beauties, and history, were wont to grow eloquent, and declare that it was the purest specimen of old English mansions.

With all this to back them, the Grassmerians may be excused in looking upon their Hall as the greatest piece of glory in brick and stone under the sun. The present owner, Sir Fielding Chichester, was as proud of its majestic pile as the villagers who dwelt outside its gates. He loved every inch of it, from vasty cellar to carven chimney-stack, and could have told, had he chosen to do so, its whole history, from the day when Luke Chichester laid the huge foundation-stone, with his own hands—which were scarcely cleansed of the blood spent in the late wars of King Charles the Unfortunate—to the present time, when its grim walls and corridors were lightened by crimson damask and statuary, and the sunlight of peaceful happiness shone through its stained windows.

But Sir Fielding Chichester would not have chosen to tell it, because he spoke but little, and then only of his books; for Sir Fielding lived and had his being only in the spacious, gold-domed library of the Hall. There you could find him almost the whole day through, and very often all night. There, between four high book-lined walls, the owner of a vast and beautiful estate, the possessor of an ancient name and an enormous county influence, and father of a handsome, noble-hearted son and a lovely daughter, spent his life. It was his world. In no other air save that filled with the odor of Russia leather and time-stained parchment could he breathe freely. In nothing but the absolute silence of the vast library, with its double doors and thickly-painted windows, could he be at ease, and in no friend—not even in his beloved children—could he find that comfort and companionship which the silent record of the mighty dead opened up to him.

Yet let not our readers misunderstand the man. He was no mere bookworm, blindly creeping through the mountain of knowledge; no shrunken student in snuff-stained and neglected attire. No; these almost inevitable consequences of such a life in another man were averted in Sir Fielding Chichester by the old blue blood which kept him, no matter what else, in habits a perfect gentleman, even to the tying of his cravat.

Slightly bent, yet still looking tall, with pale face and clear-cut features, keen, bright eyes and lofty forehead, small hands and feet, he could have held his head up in a court of aristocratic appearance even with the Charles Chichester whose kingly form shone down from its gilt frame in the picture-gallery outside his library-door.

With such ancestors, it was little wonder that Chudleigh Chichester should be both distingue-looking and handsome. He was of rather larger build than Sir Fielding, with fair hair and dark eyes. That there was a look of firmness about the lower part of his face, and an air of thoughtful determination upon the white forehead, were matters of congratulation, considering that the whole care of the estates fell upon his broad shoulders. Everything was left to Chudleigh, and had been since he was of an age to understand the steward's books and the nature of a landlord's duties. He was now twenty-three years old, though looking younger, being fair, good-looking, as we have said, and heart-free, save for the affection he bore his father and the great love he poured out on his sister, Maud, the belle of the county and the object of Grassmere's adoration.

We have mentioned comparatively little difficulty in describing one portion of the Chichester family; but as our pen writes "Maud" it falters and stops, motionless and powerless to describe the vision of beautiful purity which memory calls up. If we may say that her face was a perfect oval, her eyes dark, deep, and as clear and fine as the dew upon a rose, her mouth perfect and bud-like, and her hair a marvelous shower of silken light, how nearer are we to producing sweet Maud Chichester than when we had merely written her musical name!

Maud was nineteen, but as unlike the usual run of girls at that age as it was possible for her to be. Perfectly free from affectation, for she had no female friend to teach it her, without an ounce of vanity, she was as open, as pure and as unbalanced as only a young girl of blue blood brought up under such circumstances could be. See her as she enters the breakfast-room one November morning, clad in a dark morning-dress of a deep, rich color that serves as a foil to her fresh, young beauty, her hair brushed from her fair, white forehead, and her eyes sparkling with affection as she crosses to the fireplace, against which the tall form of her brother, Chudleigh, is leaning.

"Up already, Maud!" he exclaimed, taking her in his arms and lifting her up—unnecessarily—for a kiss. "I did not expect you for another half hour."

"Well, don't look so disappointed, or I will go to bed again," she returned with a pout. "Is papa down yet?"

"Yes, in the library," replied Chudleigh. "I have sent to tell him the coffee is on the table, but ——"

"I will go," said Maud, and with a light step hurried from the room.

Chudleigh looked after her with a sigh and a sudden cloud across the brow, then resumed the old attitude—a somewhat despondent one—at the fire.

"Dear Maud, dear Maud," he muttered, "poor Maud, heigh-ho!"

In a few moments the door opened and the beautiful girl re-entered, with Sir Fielding Chichester leaning on her arm. In each hand was a book, and in the breast of his waistcoat was a folded paper, evidently thrust there in a moment of abstraction, and forgotten.

"Good-morning, Chud., good-morning!" he exclaimed in the musical voice that had always belonged to the Chichesters, with their old hall and old blood.

"Good-morning, sir," said Chudleigh.

"Maud, my darling, what do you want with me?"

"Breakfast, you know, papa ——"

"Ah, ah, my dear, yes," softly replied the Baronet, "of course. How stupid of me! I had forgotten. Dear me, here are 'Pliny's Letters' and the last 'Essays of the Didactic Society,'" and he looked at the books in his hand. "I—I brought them from the library. Excuse me a moment, Chudleigh, while I take them back," and he moved towards the door.

Maud rose from her seat hastily—she knew that, once in the library again, all remembrance of the breakfast would vanish from Sir Fielding's mind.

"Let me take them, papa," she said, and with a kiss she took them from Sir Fielding's reluctant hands.

"Dear me, I had no idea it was snowing," he remarked, walking to the window. "What's the day of the month, Chud.?"

"Twenty-sixth, sir," said Chudleigh.

"Twenty-sixth, and 'The Scientific Review' not come yet!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, shaking his head, and adding softly: "Very late, very late."

"The post has not come yet," remarked Chudleigh. "I'm afraid Markham has some difficulty in driving."

Markham was the rural postman.

"Why, Chud., why?" asked the Baronet dreamingly.

"The roads are so thick with snow—a foot deep round the Hollow."

"Ah, yes; the snow, dear me, dear me, the snow" murmured Sir Fielding, sinking into his hair by the fire. "Have you been out this omorning?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chudleigh, "to see Giles. He is rather behindhand with his rent. Newborn could do nothing with him; so I thought I'd walk over and see into it."

"Dear me," said the Baronet with perfect indifference; "and what does he say, Chud—what does he say?"

"The usual story. Everything gone wrong, crops short, the hay queer, mouth-disease, and —oh, every mishap under the sun, of course. I was going to ask you what I am to do."

"My dear Chud., what is the use of asking me?" exclaimed the Baronet with mild surprise, "for you know I never interfere in any way with anything. I assure you, I didn't even know that Giles was in arrears. I leave it to you, Chud., I leave it to you."

And the father wheeled his chair round towards the table with the air of having washed his hands of the subject. The son sighed and his brow wrinkled as he looked at the serene face. For a moment he was silent; then, drawing his chair towards the table, he balanced his knife thoughtfully, and, with his face still troubled, said:

"You know how sorry I always am to trouble you on business matters, sir; but I'm afraid I must ask you to go over a few things with me after breakfast."

"Yes, yes; after breakfast, dear Chud., after breakfast," repeated Sir Fielding, catching eagerly at the postponement.

The next moment the door opened and Maud re-entered, with the letter-bag in her hand.

"Here's the post at last, Chud.," she said. "Now, papa, let me see. Here are the papers, your beloved 'Quarterly,' 'The Didactic Report,' and a catalogue from Northernan's. Those for you. Chud., here are your letters; and, what do you think?—one from Aunt Mildred for me."

Chudleigh looked up with a smile, but not a very interested air, for he had already commenced the perusal of a pile of blue, official-looking envelopes, and the Baronet took no notice whatever, for he was lost in the contents of 'The Quarterly.' For a few minutes there was silence, broken only by the trickling of the coffee into the cups and the occasional play of Chudleigh's knife and fork; but suddenly Maud looked up with a pleased smile upon her beautiful face and said:

"Papa, Chud., what do you think?"

Chud. threw down his letters at once, and looked up all attention.

"Nothing. What do you?"

"Aunt Mildred's coming here, and going to bring someone with her."

"Bring someone with her? Who?" asked Chud.

"A companion," answered Maud. "Oh, how delightful! Listen, it is quite romantic: 'You of course remember me telling you of a Captain Lawley, who has been staying in Paris for some months. He is dead, my dear. Is it not shocking? He was shot in some wicked duel or other, and has left his daughter, Carlotta, the beautiful girl I wrote to you about, you remember, an orphan on the wide, wide world. Poor girl! She is so charming, so very charming, my dear Maud. You will be delighted with her.' Dear Aunt Mildred. She rather puzzled me, Chud., but a postscript explains it. 'We are coming over to England at once, as Paris is a painful locality, of course, for dear Carlotta. You have no idea how bravely she bears everything, for Captain Lawley left her penniless, and I had a hard struggle in persuading her from going into the world as a governess. Dreadful, is it not, my dear Maud? However, everything is settled now, and she is coming with me as my companion. We expect to reach London by the first of December; so that if you will kindly ask Chud. to have the goodness to see to the cottage — '"

"First of December!" exclaimed Chud. quickly. "Phew! Just like Aunt Mildred. How on earth am I to get the cottage ready in a week?" and he rose from the table and walked to the window thoughtfully.

THE CIRCUS—IN THE DRESSING-TENT.

He could see the little cottage which his Aunt Mildred had occupied since her husband, Sir Wilford Gordon, had died; indeed, from where he stood he could scan the whole village and most of the outlying houses—from the deserted Rectory, an old moss-grown mansion, tenantless for years, with a history mysterious and gloomy, to the great red-bricked monstrosity which a self-made Manchester man had erected on the borders of Chichester Park.

Lady Mildred's cottage, a pretty, rustic little box, just suited to her means, which were not very abundant, was about a quarter of an hour's walk from the Hall, and on a level with the dreary Rectory, surrounded by its belt of thickly-planted trees, which seemed to overshadow the little church and all around it like an army of giants with weird arms and clenched hands.

"I must ride over to Armsthorpe at once," said Chudleigh, returning to the table.

"Oh, yes, do, Chud.!" exclaimed Maud. "We must have the cottage ready for Aunt Mildred. Isn't it delightful—a companion, and such a charming one? I am sure I shall like her if she is anything half so nice as aunt describes her. Poor girl! Think, papa! her father killed in a duel and she left in a strange country, without any money or friends excepting aunt. Oh, my heart is wrung for her! If she will let me, I will love her—that I will. Chud., you will make the cottage very nice, will you not?—very nice! O Chud.! let me come over to Armsthorpe with you; I can help you; oh, I'm sure I can. I can choose different things, and —— O Chud.! what is the matter?"

For Chud., who had been reading a letter in his hand, had suddenly started to his feet with an exclamation, whether of surprise or of anxiety it was difficult to say.

"Eh, what's the matter, Chud.?" asked Sir Fielding, glancing up from his "Quarterly." "What's the matter?"

"N—nothing, sir," said Chudleigh, sitting down again and placing the letter in his pocket. "Now, Maud, you want to go with me to Armsthorpe; so you shall go and get ready. I don't see how the cottage is to be prepared in time for Lady Mildred. Let me see—the twenty-sixth—no, I don't think it can be done."

"Then," said Maud eagerly, "let us have them here, papa."

"Of course, if your aunt will come, my dear," said Sir Fielding. "Of course, of course."

"I will write at once," said Maud. "Now, Chud., you need not be in such a hurry about the cottage; the longer the better. Another cup of coffee before I go, papa. Chud. ——"

"No more, my darling," said Sir Fielding, and Chud. had risen and walked to the window again.

So, holding the welcome letter in her hand, the beautiful girl ran from the room. Chudleigh walked to the door and held the handle. Sir Fielding looked up, and actually shuffled in his chair.

"Well, Chud.," he commenced, thinking it best to make a virtue of necessity, "you want to go over something with me, eh? I don't know what for, I am sure; for, if it's anything of a muddle, it will be twenty times more muddled if I have anything to do with it. Figures, my dear Chud., were never my forte—never," and the Baronet shook his head with mild emphasis.

His son came up to his chair, and, leaning over him, put his hand upon his shoulder. The Baronet looked up with apprehensive astonishment; for Chudleigh was not usually demonstrative, and there was a meaning in his half-caressing grasp.

"What is it, Chud.?" he said.

"Bad news, sir," replied Chudleigh gravely, taking the letter from his pocket and holding it out to his father. "Will you read that, sir?"

"No, no; you read—you tell me, Chud. Oh, from Norton & Reed, it seems by the look of it, and I never can read lawyers' writing. Tell me what is in it," said Sir Fielding, passing his white hand across his smooth forehead with a weary gesture.

Chudleigh opened the letter.

"There is not much to tell, sir," he said gravely. "Norton has received notice that Mr. Hassell intends foreclosing the mortgage."

Sir Fielding Chichester started, and his hand dropped from his forehead.

"What!" he said breathlessly. "Give me the letter."

Chudleigh gave it him.

"Norton writes as if there were no loophole left, and does not forget to remind you that the estate, having deteriorated, is not worth the sum advanced. I—I ——"

Sir Fielding, who had not been listening to him, dropped the letter from his hand and staggered to his feet.

"Chud.!" he said, drawing a long breath, "we are ruined!" and, uttering a groan, he leant his arm on the mantelpiece and buried his face in it.

The son said nothing; but the twitching of the lip and sudden pallor proclaimed how great a struggle the calmness cost him. There was a dead silence, in which the ticking of the antique bronze timepiece, with its figure of the inexorable Father crushing down the minutes with a sweep of his deadly scythe, sounded harsh and foreboding. Suddenly a burst of music floated into the room, and a girl's clear voice rang out joyfully from the room above in some simple ballad. The father started as if he had been struck—the brother hid his face in his hands and groaned.

"O Heaven—my Maud, my Maud!" breathed Sir Fielding, all the books in his heart turned out to make place for his darling. "My poor child! Chud., what shall we do?"

"Aye, what shall we do? that is the question," said Chudleigh, catching eagerly at the escape from the dread apathetic despair and drawing himself up to his full height. "Bear up, sir; all is not lost yet. Surely, there is someone ——"

Sir Fielding raised his head, startling Chudleigh at sight of his face, which looked ten years older than when he had seen it last.

"Someone! aye, but where? No, no, Chud., I have no friends now. I have been living out of the world for nearly twenty years. Once," and he walked to the window, Chudleigh following him—"once," raising his hand and pointing it for a second at the tall, crumbling chimneys of the Rectory, "there would have been refuge, for no Durant ever closed his hand against a Chichester, nor a Chichester ever denied a Durant. But," and he sighed with a world of mournfulness, "where is a Durant now? No, Chudleigh, that was our only chance; but you know how utterly that is lost to us."

And once more the Baronet, gazing at the deserted house, sighed wearily and with utter hopelessness.

CHAPTER II.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.—MILTON.

The first of December had arrived, and with it Lady Mildred, covered in furs, and accompanied by her friend and companion Carlotta Lawley. Chudleigh had been compelled to go to town the preceding day to see the family solicitor, and had not returned when her ladyship arrived, so that Sir Fielding and Maud did the honors of the house—Maud with some little shyness and reserve, for Miss Lawley had taken her by surprise. She had expected to see a beautiful and accomplished girl, from her aunt's purposely obscure description, but the portrait her imagination had drawn fell so far short of her reality that she was startled and surprised. To say that Carlotta Lawley was beautiful was to assert but little. She was more proud and more bewitching than charming. Taller than Maud, a brilliant brunette with dark, piercing eyes, that shone like a jewel or a gipsy's—a graceful form, almost queenly in its bearing, and a mouth that rivaled Cleopatra's in its coral-like curves and fullness—she was indeed what the best Parisian judges of woman's looks had called her—superb.

Beside Maud's fresh, fair loveliness, her beauty shone to its greatest advantage, and Sir Fielding, who came from his dream-world with all the Chichester courtliness to welcome her, muttered a half-audible note of admiration, which it was well for Carlotta's vanity did not reach her ear. She was very quiet, naturally, thought Maud, but expressed her admiration of the grand old house with such fervor as to win Sir Fielding's and Maud's love immediately.

Said Maud, stopping before an open door through which a small sitting-room could be seen:

"These rooms are Chudleigh's. Oh, I forgot to tell you!" she exclaimed, in answer to the look of interrogation on Carlotta's face, "Chudleigh is my brother. He is so good—so kind. We all of us lean on him. Papa is—is very busy in the library, you know, always, and everything is left to Chud. And everything fares well, too. Oh, you must like Chudleigh."

"I am sure I shall if he resembles you in the slightest," murmured Carlotta, kissing her again.

"He went to London on business yesterday, but he will be back to dinner, I hope. You must let him take you all over the Hall; I mean in the closed-up rooms, you know. He can tell you the history of every room."

"If he will take so much trouble, I shall only be too grateful," said Carlotta. "I am fond of old houses and their histories."

"And now you must come and see my room," she said, winding her arm round her new friend's waist, and leading her into the little rose-colored boudoir and bedchamber, which was honored by the title of "Miss Maud's." "Do you like them? If you do, you shall have them while you stay. And I wish that might be forever."

"Do you?" said Carlotta, leaning down with a sudden moisture in her dark eyes, her voice ringing tremulously musical—more musical than Maud had ever heard or thought it possible for a voice to be. "So do I! How very kind you are! You must forgive me if I seem somewhat cold. Until I knew Lady Mildred I never experienced such goodness."

And the proud head slightly, although the eyes lit up with a mournful smile.

Maud drew her closer to her.

"You must not say such things. I am not kind. It seems so ridiculous to hear you say that to me." And she laughed merrily as she glanced at the grand beauty of the other, against which she looked so fresh and childlike. "It's you who must be good to me. You will try and love me, won't you? I love you already."

Again the dark eyes filled with tears, but the lips said nothing as she stooped to kiss her.

"And now you must rest after your journey. See, I will make up the fire and cover you up with these furs. Then, while I go and see whether Aunt Mildred is comfortable, you can have a quiet sleep."

Carlotta Lawley laughed a low, musical laugh.

"Sleep!" she said. "I could not. I am not tired. You do not know how much I have traveled in my short life, or you would not think me worn out by a short trip from Paris. I once journeyed from Siberia, night and day, and had but six hours' sleep the whole time."

Maud gazed at her with rigid awe.

"Siberia! Oh dear me! what a great deal you will have to tell me!" she said with a quiet delight, but added suddenly, "but perhaps you won't tell me?"

"Yes, I will tell you everything," replied Carlotta; "nearly everything."

Meanwhile Lady Mildred—a good-natured lady, loved and respected by all, who bore about her the Chichester characteristics in features and manner—was narrating to her brother the history—or, rather, what little she knew of it—of Carlotta and her father, Captain Lawley.

Woman-like, she, of course, commenced the conversation by asking Sir Fielding what he thought of her new companion.

"She is majestic," he said, "Oriental in her beauty. What a woman her mother must have been! Who was she?"

"No one knows," said Lady Mildred. "Captain Lawley had been a widower for years, so it is said. He was a strange man, Fielding, such a very strange man—very handsome. Carlotta has her father's eyes, and his hair, too."

"What was he?" said Sir Fielding.

"Ah, that, too, no one knows. He had traveled a great deal. He had been to—oh, I don't know where—every country you can mention. He could speak every language on the face of the earth, I think. I have heard him scold an Arab who used to bring us flowers in Paris in pure Arabic."

"Eh, how do you know it was pure?" asked Mr. Fielding with a quiet smile, not half attending to her.

"Oh—ahem!—how absurd, Fielding! How do I know it was pure? Why, how could the man have understood him if it hadn't been? Ah, he was a strange character. So gentlemanly, he looked a lord; but—well, very wild, I think. There were stories about a Russian princess, an escapade at court, and a dismissal; but people will talk, you know, and tell such stories, too. Anyway, everybody said that something had happened in some court or other, and that Captain Lawley was a ruined man. I never will believe he was an adventurer. No one who could bow as he did could be an adventurer."

"And what about the duel?"

"Ah, was not that sad?" said Lady Mildred, throwing up her hands. "Ah, it was dreadful! I don't know what it was about—never could find out. Some said that it was a gambling affair; but there, again, you see, reports are so untrue. Poor Captain Lawley! I am sure I was as grieved as if he'd been my own brother when they told me that he was shot through the breast—through the heart. Fielding—think of that!"

"And this poor girl is utterly penniless," said Sir Fielding—"eh, utterly penniless, didn't you say? I heard it from Chud., I think."

"Hasn't a penny in the world. Shocking, is it not, with such doubtful antecedents and no fortune? Poor Carlotta!"

The conversation ended by Sir Fielding getting up in an abstracted manner and walking dreamily out of the room, of course in the direction of the library. Lady Mildred, who was too used to her brother's queer ways to be offended, then sought her dressing-room.

Two hours afterwards the four met in the oaken dining-room. Chudleigh had not arrived, and Sir Fielding, as he stood at the head of the table, pulled out his watch with an anxious look.

"Chudleigh is late," he said. "Had he any commission from you, Maud?"

"No," said Maud, from where she was sitting beside Carlotta, who was dressed in deep mourning, that set off her clear skin to perfection. "No; he said he should not have time to do more than buy some books for you at Chester's, papa."

"Ah, ah," said Sir Fielding, sighing, "I'm afraid he hasn't been able to get the books. They were very scarce. An old copy of 'Marcus Aurelius' and a marginal 'Ovid,' my dear Miss Lawley, a marginal 'Ovid!'"

"That must be very scarce," said Carlotta quietly. "I have only seen one, and that was at Lorenzo Bardolphus'."

"Eh!" exclaimed Sir Fielding eagerly. "Have you been over Lorenzo's library?"

"Yes," she said simply. "I have spent days there."

"Dear me, dear me," said Sir Fielding, forgetting the soup which had just been brought in, and Lady Mildred's plate, which was being held beside him.

"I envy you, I envy you. Lorenzo Bardolphus' library, and you saw the 'Ovid.' Perhaps you saw that old tractate of Gregory's, I heard he had a copy."

"My dear Carlotta, don't say a word more," interrupted Lady Mildred, "or I shall never get any soup."

Maud laughed.

"Soup! Dear me, yes," said Sir Fielding.

"You will tell me about Lorenzo's after dinner, will you not, Miss Lawley? After dinner! Yes, yes."

Before Carlotta's "Yes" had died upon her lips the door opened and Chudleigh entered. He started at seeing the beautiful girl at his sister's side; for, like everyone else, her almost supernatural loveliness took him by surprise. And she, Carlotta, was on her side somewhat startled; for, from Maud's description, she had drawn for herself the picture of a little, undersized man, rather poor-looking, very business-like, and wholly unprepossessing. Whereas Chudleigh Chichester, as he stood in evening-dress, with the glow of exercise upon his handsome face, looked none of these. Sir Fielding looked up anxiously, trying to read, if he could, his tidings from his face. Then, discovering nothing and smothering a sigh, he introduced him to Carlotta, Maud making room for her brother between them.

"I didn't hear you come in, Chud.," said Sir Fielding.

"I walked up the avenue," said Chud. Then, turning to Carlotta, he added: "You have had a cold and wearisome journey?"

"A little," she said, answering the kindly regard of his great, honest eyes, in which still lingered a touch of his first admiring surprise—"a little. We were well wrapped up, were we not, Lady Mildred?"

"Yes, my dear," said Lady Mildred, "and well taken care of, too; for a gentleman, very good-looking, was exceedingly attentive, and insisted on converting Carlotta and myself into respectable mummies with waterproofs and shawls, besides bringing us hot soup and coffee every five minutes. Of course Martha was too ill to move."

Martha was Lady Mildred's maid.

"A right courteous gentleman. Do you know his name?"

"We did hear it, but I have forgotten it," said her ladyship. "Do you remember, Carlotta?"

"No, I do not. I heard someone address him as the Honorable Mr. something, and that was all. He was very kind."

Chudleigh looked round from his soup at the pale, grand face, and wondered how under the circumstances anyone could be otherwise.

"Let me send you some snipe, Miss Lawley," said Sir Fielding, glancing at her empty plate.

But she declined.

"You are eating nothing," said Maud, with loving reproach.

"You are tired," said Chudleigh; "let me give you some wine," and he poured out a glass of port.

"I do not wonder at her being worn out. She would not lie down, even for half an hour, aunt. It was very wrong, was it not?" said Maud.

"Carlotta is very young," said Lady Mildred, "and can afford to be extravagant with her energy. When she gets to my age ——"

"My dear Mildred," expostulated Sir Fielding in so comically courteous a tone that all laughed, even Carlotta; and Chudleigh, in whose ears her voice had been ringing since she had first spoken, drank in the low rippling laughter as one listening to some marvelous music.

A spell seemed to fall over him when she spoke, and towards the close of the dinner he was startled to find himself setting traps to teatch her speech, and listening with rapt attention to her low replies.

"Now Chud, and I will have one little bottle," said Sir Fielding, "and then join you in the drawing-room. I must send you to bed early to-night, Miss Lawley, but after to-day you shall do as you like. Chichester Hall is Liberty Hall—eh, Aunt Mildred? Liberty Hall, eh?" and the old Baronet rubbed his white hands agreeably. "Now, Chud., what of the night?" he said anxiously as soon as the door had closed on the ladies and the old butler had disappeared.

"Black, sir," he said. "Norton says that for the present nothing can be done; but he is keeping a careful look-out for a fresh mortgagee, although he fears the estate must be sold."

Sir Fielding groaned.

"My poor Chud.!" he said. "This is hard for you—very hard."

Chudleigh smiled bravely.

"I can bear it, sir," he said; then, with a touch of pride: "We Chichesters, sir, are not used to give in easily. I am not an idiot, I hope, and can make my way. As for Maud—there is her mother's fortune."

"A mere pittance, Chud., a mere pittance," said Sir Fielding in a dry voice.

"Five hundred a year, sir," replied Chud., suppressing a sigh and speaking cheerily. "Five hundred a year is not to be lamented over."

Sir Fielding sighed deeply, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Maud Chichester with five hundred a year, and the heir to Chichester Hall working for his daily bread!" he breathed.

"A million others, more deserving men, do, sir," said Chudleigh eagerly, his face flushing and his hand unconsciously clasping the thin claret-glass until the stem snapped. Then he continued, more quietly and with great feeling: "Think of yourself, sir; you will suffer most. You are not young, not strong, sir, as we are. Your books ——"

Sir Fielding winced.

"Think of myself," he said in a tone of self-reproach and with a twitching of his lips. "I have been thinking of myself too long, Chud. I might have repaired the hole in the wall if I had buckled to it in earnest. The estate is a large one, and, like a mine, would pay well if it were properly worked. I might at least have made the old Hall safe for you, Chud.; but I have been living a dream-life all these years, shut up like an anchorite between four wall of books—and O Chud.! Chud. I though I know it is selfish, I feel the coming loss of my books almost as much as anything."

And the poor man, so great a student of the dead past, so ignorant a novice of the present, bent his face in his hands and groaned again. Chudleigh's eyes burnt and he felt choking, but he looked positively stern as, struggling with might and main to suppress his emotion, he said:

"Bear up, sir, for Heaven's sake, bear up! We will save the books at all cost. Come, sir, to the drawing-room. Of course, the women must not know a word of this."

"Not a word," said Sir Fielding, and, taking the strong arm held out to him, father and son walked into the drawing-room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN THE DRESSING-TENT.

Perhaps our artist has given a touch of ideality to the scene which is presented on this page, but there is still enough of nature in it to satisfy the eye. Life under the canvas-tent has its charm as well as its drawbacks. A glimpse of that inner existence which is hidden from public gaze is given in the illustration. Here the young gymnast, in his professional dress, is waiting his turn to appear in the sawdust ring. At his side sits the trained terrier, whose intelligence raises him above the common level of dogs, and whose conspicuous abilities are given due prominence on the bills. Thrusting aside the canvas, appears the bright, fresh face of a pretty girl, who is about to enter the dressing-tent, perhaps to hold a brief conversation with her fellow-performer. She carries what the show-people call a "balloon" in her hand, and this needs to be the belief that she is a rider. Both the figures are indicative of youth. The boy is evidently pleased at this visit from his pretty companion. From the general resemblance in their faces, they might be brother and sister; but, for the sake of preserving the harmonies of a possible romance, we will suppose them to bear no such relation. Both doubtless cherish their dreams of fame. The boy, if he possesses the pluck for which he gives him credit, may develop into a capital performer, and win his laurels, golden and green-back, within the sawdust arena. The girl, we may imagine, is the fair blossom which time will ripen into another Dockrill. And what will these two talk about, sitting together in the big drum under the canvas tent, with nobody to overhear them but the close-mouthed terrier? Were they representatives of that peculiar class of circus children who sometimes figure in Sunday-school books, their conversation would be pretty sure to turn to the wickedness of their lives, and the impossibility of serving the Lord in tights and spangles. Or, were they in any way related to that other class of professional youngsters, who are periodically brought up by well-meaning, philanthropic societies as horrible examples of the depraving influences of sawdust—were they, we repeat, in any way related to this class, their talk would be of a character to shock a missionary's ear. We fancy that our young friends belong to neither of these classes. In their friendly little chat they will not trouble themselves about the doctrines of predestination, nor quarrel over the blessedness of being an angel. They certainly will not pollute their fresh lips with profane or vulgar utterances. Very likely their conversation will be sprinkled with some technical phrases, and seasoned with a modicum of vigorous slang. They may speak of the unpopular cannon-ball tosser as a "snide," and describe some unworthy rival as a "ham." The boy may grow enthusiastic over his acquirements, and speak of himself confidently as an "artist;" and his fair companion may look up lovingly into his eyes, and declare—in an outburst of honest admiration—that he is a "masher." Perhaps they will talk of some new act which one or the other is practicing; perhaps of a recent narrow escape from accident; perhaps of the chances of securing "dates" through the Winter. There is a mere possibility that the conversation will turn on a more delicate subject than any of these—one which will cause the girl's face to grow rosy and her eyes bright. But what ever the theme, we feel assured that the respect able terrier's ears will not be shocked by the words of our young friends, who will presently bound forth in the ring with that rare exuberance of spirits which is the chiefest charm of circus life.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

E. J. G., St. Louis.—1. The decision of the judges was a novel one, but final and binding, nevertheless. There could be neither legality nor illegality about it. It was simply a fiat that had to be obeyed. 2. This cannot be decided, because it is uncertain what D would have been regarded as entitled to by those judges. All we can say is that, had we been the sole judge, D would have been entitled to but one more throw, and that he would have had to take at once.

J. S. A., Toronto.—1. Mary, Queen of Scots, was a Stuart, being the daughter of James V of Scotland by his second wife, Mary of Lorraine. Mary, Queen of England, was a Plantagenet, the daughter of Henry VIII of England by his first wife, Catherine of Arragon, while Queen Elizabeth, half sister of the English Mary, was the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. 2. Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded as the result of being charged with conspiracy against the life of Queen Elizabeth.

J. L., Holyoke.—1 C could in that way duplicate A's pile of "eight." 2. By placing a three from his hand on a three and a pair of fours on the board, A could make a pile of "sevens." 3. The "game" being a tie, the non-dealing side score one for it. 4. At three-handed, the eldest hand counts out "game" when it is a tie, the same as at two-handed or at partner-seven-up.

THREE CONTRIBUTORS, Petersburg.—Adelina Patti is designated as "The American Diva" because, although she was born in Madrid, Spain, she came to this country when a little child. She was educated here; first sang in public in concert as a prodigy, and made her debut on the operatic stage here. She is to all intents and purposes an American artiste.

CLIX, Baltimore.—1. Stage-managers in variety theatres receive from $30 to $60 per week. If they are also performers, they receive salaries more nearly approximating the latter figure. 2. Not the largest, but among the largest. 3. It is not considered as good as Boston in that respect. 4. It is fair, but it lacks the regularity demanded in first-class houses. 5. We are supplied.

FLIPPERITE, New Rochelle.—1. Tommy Chandler resides in San Francisco, Cal. He lost the use of one of his hands by a pistol-shot wound. 2. Bill Neat of Bristol, Eng., beat Oliver and Gas, and was beaten by Tom Spring. He died March 23, 1858. 3. The work mentioned gives full particulars of the most important events, and makes brief mention of the others. 4. No.

W. H. H., Bristol.—1. Were Hessians in the British Army during the Revolution; but we have not time to read up history to ascertain if a straggling Hessian here and there deserted, or "turned coat" after deserting, and fought with the Americans. 2. Those living to-day must necessarily form their opinions of Revolutionary events by reading written history.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—When you have stated "the big bet," we shall know what it is about, so that there will be no chance-work about our decision.

H. J. F., Springfield.—It wins. 5 is two ahead of R. The private arrangement between R and R cannot alter the score, as marked up, in such a way as to affect the bet.

B. A., Wheeling.—1. Address James Munson, stenographer, Bowman street, this city. 2. Rowan is in U. S. census, Boston, Mass., had a population of 250,526.

BONAPARTE.—1. It is a matter of opinion. 2. About $40 per week. 3. He will not act in New York this season. 4. See answer to No. 1, & So.

J. G., Chicago.—tien Hooker personally commanded at "The Battle Among the Clouds," or that of Lookout Mountain.

GRAND CENTRAL.—The bet is void for lack of proper understanding. There are various kinds of complimentary tickets.

J. G., Collinsville.—This is a question upon which the country has been "split" ever since the bonds were issued.

E. S.—Other candidates never are mentioned in a case of that kind. McClellan had to have 12,000 majority, not plurality.

C. A. A., St. Louis.—The superintendent of the Mercantile Library would most likely be pleased to give you the desired information.

E. F. B., Princeton.—You can obtain the pen you desire through the American News Company, Chambers street, this city.

A READER, Bellaire.—At euchre a player can make a certain suit trump, although he may not have a card of that suit in his hand.

E. A. F., Suffield.—The hunter goes around the squirrel in the sense that the greater circle necessarily covers the smaller.

G. G.—1. A's partner follows B. 2. A has already had one shot, a special rule exempting him from forfeiture for the miss.

J. O., Johnston.—You were right in adding your ace to a deuce and a seven on the table, and calling the pile "ten."

A. D., Pittsburg.—We have never heard that a fair open to the world was held there. Certainly, the world did not compete.

C. A. H., Haverhill.—The quickest 100 miles ever walked in this country was accomplished by Daniel O'Leary at Chicago, Ill., viz., 18 hours 53 minutes 40 seconds.

J. B. D., City.—Ira A. Paine once defeated A. H. Bogardus in a pigeon match—on Long Island, Jan. 25, 1871. It was for the championship and $1,000.

BOXER.—1. The measurements are taken both ways, but generally with chest inflated and muscle of arm contracted. 2. Allen, about 212½ lbs.; Sayers, nearly 200 each.

FATTY, Baltimore.—Billy Emerson is credited with first making the song popular. Will endeavor to get a record of the author's name and the first singer of the melody.

H. F. W.—1. At the opening of the Academy of Music, it was engaged at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season.

J. D., Detroit.—Samuel French & Son, 122 Nassau street, and R. M. De Witt, 33 Rose street, this city, deal largely in dramas.

A. AND H., Philadelphia.—In some theatres that duty devolves upon the stage-manager, while in others it is performed by the manager personally.

C. C., Hartford.—$2,684,394.56 is two million six hundred and eighty-four thousand three hundred and fifty-four dollars and fifty-six cents.

G. G.—Barnum's Museum, located on Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets, this city, was destroyed by fire March 3, 1865.

S. J. AND W. E.—1. Salary depends upon the merit and reputation of the performers. From $25 per week upwards. 2. A good person can excel in it; otherwise, not.

J. H. B.—"Evadne" has not been acted at any of the theatres named within the past five years; but it has been played at Booth's Theatre within that time.

S. D.—The Fifth Avenue Theatre Company no longer exists. We have advertised your letter for the lady inquired after.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—We prefer not to recommend anyone. See our advertising columns for the addresses of teachers.

HARLEM.—Peruse our advertising columns for the address of Professor Bickerstaff, who gives stump-speeches. The price is a matter for private negotiation.

H. W. F., Toronto.—Cannot say who is the best, but you can get them of Marks, 875 Broadway, or Condell, 643 Washington street, Boston.

BUCKER, Newark.—It had its origin in a German poem, "The Singedichte," by Frederick von Logan. This, at least, is as far as it has been traced.

CRAIN JACK.—The ball which struck the foul ground first, and then bounded fair before passing third base, was a fair ball. The other was a foul ball.

A READER, Canty.—B wins. "To win" in that case means to mark nearest the price of oil, and 198 is farther from 202½ than 204 is.

SYRACUSE.—The bet was on Beach, who was the head of the ticket.

G. W. C.—By second 3 makers no run, the last three cards being 3, 4, 3.

W. J. B., Norristown.—It is to be decided by the vote for the head of the ticket.

ANDY, Boston.—The bet was proposed by your friend, probably. If so, it was a catch on his part, and is void.

J. AND E.—Having contracted to beat eleven, B lost, whether he got eleven or got but ten.

W. H. S.—It was not, unless quietly, without the knowledge of the persons in charge of the office.

E. M., Stoneham.—If your dollar was a good one, you won the bet.

O'C., Brownsville.—The American News Company, this city.

DECLINED.—"Beneath the Sod," "The Queen of All," "Queen of the Stage," "Enigma."

J. T. W., Indianapolis.—Thank you; but it will be less trouble for Mr. Crone to remit direct to his office.

P. H. S., Buffalo.—He traveled the past season with Montgomery Queen's Circus.

T. A. B., Philadelphia.—It is still in our care. We advertise letters once only.

H. B. W., Sandusky.—B, who gave three and made high and two other points, won the game on his high.

L. L., St. Louis.—A, having himself turned down the trump, is entitled to the game.

QUICKLOTA TOM, Camp Sheridan.—The cards running 6, 3, 5, 2, 7, 4, the player of the 4 makes a run of six.

J. J. R., Jr., Baltimore.—At sixty-six a player is not compelled to lead trump at any time.

NO SIGNATURE.—There was and is such a law in one or more of the Eastern States, we believe.

SOLDIER, National Home.—I could not add the seven to the three.

J. E. M., Cliffwood.—The cards falling 3, 7, 2, 6, 1, 5, 3, 4, the player of the 4 takes nine points.

MISS QUESTION.—McClellan must have 12,400 more than one half of the whole.

R. P. C.—There is no settled method of playing jackpots.

CONOHE.—1. He is the same person. 2. We do not remember the circumstance, but he may have done so.

W. E. L., Cuero.—Minnie Warren is not married. Tom Thumb married Lavinia Warren in this city Feb. 10, 1863.

J. M., Nashville.—John E. Owens acts frequently in a farce called "Forty Winks."

A. W., National Military Home.—William Hickok was the real name of "Wild Bill."

J. Z.—Chinamen can and have become citizens of the United States.

WEEKS, Philadelphia.—Abe Hicken defeated Pete Maguire near Perryville, Cecil County, Md., Dec. 23, 1868.

W. H. H., Montreal.—He is serving a term of imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia.

NELSONIO.—Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer fought three times in the ring.

CITY STATION, Milwaukee.—Jenny Lind is living in retirement near London, Eng.

J. W., Philadelphia.—Address a letter to him in care of this office. We do not know where he is at present.

W. A. MILLER, St. Louis.—In a space of 25 lines, $3.75 for each insertion.

J. D., Muscatine.—1. Your dollars a year. 2. Thanks, but we do not require one.

WM. FOOTE JR.—Do not know his present address. Shannon, Miller & Crane can supply you with those goods.

C. H. G.—Rutland.—We have not heard from him for some time. We have advertised your letter for him.

W. R. W., Middlebury.—He is the original English comedian of that name.

D. MCC., Tiffin.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will elicit the desired information.

W. H. C., Wheeling.—S. D. Martin, Eighth av. and Seventeenth street, New York.

F. C. AND OTHERS, Cleveland.—The songs are the lady's private property, and are not for sale or publication.

H. G. F. W., New Bedford.—We do not know the present whereabouts of the lady.

HENRY MILLER, New Orleans.—Write to D. C. Coleman, Chicago, Ill.

BRICKTOP, Trenton.—We have no knowledge of such an occurrence.

EDWARD WARD.—At forty-fives the ace of hearts never calls for anything but a trump.

S. W., Boston.—Said to have been born in this city, and to have made debut at 444 Broadway as a vocalist.

J. D., Detroit.—Of any one descent, but neither of them was brought up in that faith.

A. B. C., Zenia.—We do not know anything of either of the players named.

R. T., Ottawa.—The presence of gas is always unhealthy.

P. S MCBRIDE.—Apply to Roe Stevens, Detroit, Mich.

J. AND S., Phila.—Four fours and a seven count 34.

B. L. M., Bay City.—Watch our Variety Summary.

D. T. D., Phila.—See answers in last week's paper.

F. H. BROWN, Norwich.—No such work is on sale.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—It cannot do it.

W. F. S.—What Emmet Troupe do you refer to?

MISS A. S., Wausau.—See Dramatic Summary.

J. A. K., Cambridge.—Cannot supply a copy.

W. P. CHAPPELL.—Your card costs $1.05.

J. F. F., Montgomery.—Cannot say.

O. C., Mt. Pleasant.—417.

D. L.—The jack wins.

THE STAR SYSTEM.

A fruitful cause of complaint among theatrical managers is the large sums demanded by popular actors for their services. The star system, as it has come to be known, is emphatically condemned, and its effects are held to be wholly injurious to the stage. The matter is one which calls for honest discussion.

Much of sound argument can be adduced in favor of the manager's side of this question. The rates demanded by the popular star appear exorbitant when measured by the pecuniary reward which offers itself to other kinds of labor, either physical or mental. The star shines only upon condition that he shall receive either a large sum as a certainty or a heavy percentage on the receipts. The manager who is compelled to pay sixty cents of every dollar taken at the box-office to a single performer naturally feels that he has cause to grumble. With but two-fifths of the receipts he is left to meet all the expenses. Such a seemingly unfair division of the profits necessitates economy in other directions; and so, the company engaged to support the star is too often of inferior quality. The performance is strong only in the head—lamentably weak in all other parts. And even with this enforced economy the manager finds that his margin of profits is discouragingly small. Take a successful metropolitan theatre as an illustration. Suppose the receipts of seven performances aggregate five thousand dollars. The star takes fifty per cent,—some take even more than that—which leaves the manager twenty-five hundred dollars. From this the salaries of the stock company and the numerous attaches of the house, with all the expenses of rent, advertising, lights and incidentals, are to be deducted. The surplus, if there be any, is left for the manager—and that is all. But, apart from the question of profits, it is urged that the star system injures the stage from an artistic point of view; that the absorption of so large a proportion of the receipts by a single actor tends to lower the standard of the performance as a whole; that it discourages the members of stock companies; prejudices the manager against experimenting with any new play which may possess acknowledged merit, but which is without the prestige of popularity; removes stage representation from the realm of true art, and makes it simply the framework for the display of individual talents. It is the star, and not the play, which people go to see. All this may be asserted, as, indeed, it frequently is, by the opponents of the star system. But then the star has something to say on the other side of the question.

Assuming that the star is really an artist, and that his ability is conceded, upon what basis shall an estimate be made of the true value of his services? The manager's prompt response will be: "His power to 'draw.'" The critic's might be: "His power to act." Our suppositions star should meet both requirements. He is able to act, and able to "draw." What are his services worth? he asks. Is it too much when he demands half of the receipts? Consider that question in its pecuniary bearings first. Without the star, the performance would attract but few. There would be no receipts to divide. If, then, the one performer is able to fill the treasurer's box, where without him it would be almost empty, may not this one performer in justice demand a third, a half, or even two-thirds of the receipts? So argues the star. The manager complains because his profits are small; yet without the star there could be no profits whatever. Consider the question next in its bearings to art. Why, somebody asks, should one actor receive more for a week's work than many of his profession earn in a year? The answer to that natural inquiry involves more than can be embraced in this desultory discussion. The surgeon performs an operation which requires half an hour, and sends in a bill for a thousand dollars. He earns his money with wondrous ease, but it has taken him a lifetime to fit himself for that half-hour's operation. Tennyson is paid more for a stanza than the newspaper rhymster could obtain for a canto. Twelve square inches of canvas with the touch of a master's brush upon it sells for more than a panorama. The reporter does three times as much work as the editor-in-chief, and he gets one-tenth of the latter's pay. It is not for the mere reading of his lines that the star demands a larger sum than is paid to all the company combined; he asks to be rewarded for the years of training, for the study and fireless effort, which alone have fitted him for the position he occupies. Nor should his success tend to discourage, but rather to stimulate, his fellow-actors. He shows what it is possible to achieve; it is for them to imitate him if they can.

BLOATED ARISTOCRATS who own shares in the various passenger railways in this city had better unload at once, for the rapid-transit people are working like beavers to complete their elevated ideas. Those who do not own stock in the surface-roads will please to bear in mind that this is a bad time to buy.

IN MENTIONING the fall of Kars, a war correspondent telegraphs to *The Manchester* (Eng.) *Guardian* that "Server Pasha and Mahmoud Damad are more favorable for peace." If such is the case, we cannot see why they declare Mahmoud *Damad!*

IF YOU scrutinize them closely, you will see that very few *new* overcoats are worn this season, the coats of our fathers having been cut down and brushed up to meet the wants of the rising generation in this languishing season.

SO FAR there has been no well-defined fight in Congress this session. Where are the gentlemen who make things lively in that body politic? It will not do to permit the session to close without its usual passage-at-arms.

WE TOLD you some time ago that it would snow. Already have our predictions been weatherfied. *How* we forecast storms and heavy wets is a trade-secret. It is sufficient for you to profit by our scientific knowledge.

OYSTER SUPPERS and buckwheat-cake jamborees are now in order in our churches, and they never fail to attract hungry and appreciative assemblages. Fairs come next, with pincushions as a steady diet.

THE SHERIFF knocked down *The Mail* the other day, and he has his basilisk eye on several other malposed papers. The first-named turned out to be a *fac male* when he was through with it.

ALTHOUGH Gen. McClellan did not succeed in getting "on to Richmond" that time, he has had better luck this year in his movement towards Trenton.

TURKEY will receive more attention at our hands this week than Russia is capable of giving it. With us it will be "war to the knife"—and fork!

DOESN'T IT seem strange that a Dion billiard-player should propose to journey to New Orleans to meet a Sexton?

SAILING-MATCHES do not meet with much favor just now, and rowing-races are also under a cloud.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1878.

Attention has already been called in these columns to THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1878, which is now in process of compilation. The marked favor with which the former issues of the ALMANAC have been received justifies us in the belief that the forthcoming number will find a hearty welcome. It is a pardonable pride which prompts us thus to refer to a work whose merits have been so widely and so generously recognized. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC occupies a field peculiar to itself. Reflecting, as it fairly does, the characteristics of the journal from which it springs, it is yet unlike that journal in its convenience of form and conciseness of statement. THE CLIPPER is able to present, in a single issue, only the record of a week. The ALMANAC condenses the history of a year. So the ALMANAC becomes, approximately at least, the essence of a volume of THE CLIPPER.

It would, perhaps, display a want of good taste to dwell upon the amount of labor expended upon this annual publication. We feel assured, however, that all who have examined its contents in previous years will appreciate the work required to make the ALMANAC complete. In the tables of statistics, in the records of important theatrical and sporting events, in the astronomical calculations, there will be found an accuracy and thoroughness of treatment which can come only of patient and painstaking labor. While retaining all the distinctive features of other years, the ALMANAC for 1878 will, we believe, be found superior to any of the preceding issues. Whatever experience could suggest in the way of improvement has been embodied in the work. The chronological tables, the compendium of the fastest recorded time, the comprehensive review of the baseball season—these things will commend the ALMANAC to all lovers of dramatic or sporting history. The book may be regarded as a storehouse of useful information—a magazine of facts. And because facts, when taken unadulterated and in too large a dose, are apt to prove unpalatable, the ALMANAC has been seasoned with spicy sketches, pungent verses and pleasing illustrations. Considered simply with respect to its literary and artistic attractions, we think the ALMANAC will prove worthy of careful perusal. Considered in its entirety, it possesses a value not to be measured by the price for which it is sold.

A word to those who may wish to avail themselves of the opportunities for advertising which the ALMANAC affords. Its widely-extended circulation makes it an excellent medium for reaching that class of readers whose interests centre in theatrical and sporting affairs. Moreover, an advertisement in its pages possesses permanent value. This is a consideration not to be overlooked. Among the many thousands who purchase the ALMANAC, a vast majority will refer to it at frequent intervals throughout the year. It will be carefully preserved and continuously used. It gains rather than loses in interest as time passes. It serves as a universal referee for disputed points. It stands ready to give its decisions at any hour and under all circumstances. For these reasons, it offers unusual advantages to the advertiser. Every performer on the variety stage should see to it that his card appears in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. Every manager should secure space enough to set forth the character of his house. Every member of the dramatic profession should place permanently before the public his line of business and address. Every circus and minstrel performer should seize upon this opportunity of embalming his talents in printer's ink. Above all, the dealers in sporting goods and theatrical equipments should avail themselves of the rare privilege which the ALMANAC offers of speaking directly to thousands who are especially interested in matters of such a nature. The rates for advertising have purposely been fixed on a reasonable scale, in order that the profession generally may avail itself of the ALMANAC'S advantages. It should be remembered that a card of ten lines, which may be inserted at the trivial outlay of two dollars, addresses itself to a broad circle of readers, not once, nor twice, but every day in the year, the whole year round. Copy cannot be received later than Dec. 18, and our friends should therefore be prompt in forwarding their favors. It is for their interest, as well as for ours, that all should be represented in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1878.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Nov. 19: Congress debated the bill making citizens of Indians. The bill for that item at present is forty dollars and a blanket.....The Grand Jury of Allegheny County, Pa., characterized the shooting of the Pittsburg rioters as murder.....The trial of John A. Smith, charged with murdering his wife, was begun at Jersey City, N. J.....New Jersey's official vote for Governor showed McClellan's majority over Newell to be 12,710.....Nine railroad strikers were sentenced at Morristown, N. J.....The body of Charles Denler, who went gunning in Newport, R. I., was discovered and identified by blown fragments.....Mrs. Wm. A. Hawkins of Brooklyn, L. I., was found drowned in a bath-tub.....Edgar Marsh of Newark, N. J., was arrested for biting off the ear of his father-in-law!.....City news: Judge Davis charged the Grand Jury that the Excise-commissioners ought to be indicted.....Gen. Briggs brought to bay one of the Cambridgeport Bank robbers, was placed on trial; Private-watchman Michael Daly was arrested on the charge of fatally clubbing James Ward; a wild steer in Central Park caused pedestrians to steer clear; Julius Kirscher cremated his eight-day-old child; "Dr." William Montgomery, arrested in Brooklyn, was brought to the city in charge of malpractice.....by cable: The Russians captured 10,000 prisoners and 300 guns at Kars; Robert Browning declined the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews.....Fires: The Candee Rubber Works at New Haven were totally destroyed. Several workmen were injured in escaping. Six buildings burned; loss $100,000; loss of employment, and $600,000 consumed. At West Hoboken, N. J., six frame dwelling-houses were burned—loss $15,000; at Jersey City, James Kampin's cigar-factory—loss $1,500; the Institute at Fort Edward, N. Y., in which were assembled 200 students, all of whom escaped—loss estimated at over $150,000.

*** Nov. 20: The bill appropriating $150,000 for the Paris Exposition passed the House.....The fact that Alonzo Jackson attended church Sunday evening at Elmira, N. Y., did not prevent him from shooting Edward May through the head.....Two of the indicted pool-sellers were arraigned in the Hudson County Court, Jersey City.....Julius Giles jumped from an Erie express-train at Passaic, N. J., and was killed.....Alderman Fagan of Bridgeport, Ct., was arrested for forgery.....Archie Maroney, one of the Hornellesville strikers, was found guilty at Auburn, N. Y.....Had Wm. Deberger of Pittsburg, Pa., been worth more than twenty-two years, he probably would not have hung himself because a girl refused to marry him.....Lucy Martin—Williamsburg—betrayed love—arsenic—death.....Hershan Scott was fatally injured by a locomotive at Rahway, N. J.....The cigar-makers' strike struck Springfield, Mass.....In a political row in Pittsburg, Anthony Tolan administered such forcible arguments with a shovel that his opponent, Daniel Connors, died.....Mayor Stokley of Philadelphia was assaulted in the street.....Col. Sibley was sentenced to four years' imprisonment at Boston. Forgery.....City news: Catherine Linter, 19, aged 18, ended the misery of herself on Blackwell's Island; the trial of Dr. Lambert of insurance notoriety was indefinitely postponed on the ground of a "shattered mind;" Delmonico was arraigned for violating the Excise law; Briggs, the supposed Cambridgeport Bank robber, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.....By cable: Dasent was made D.C.L. by Cambridge, which may mean Descendant of the Chimpanzee Lovely; four of the five detectives on trial in London were found guilty.....Fires: Gonic Manufacturing Company's building, at Gonic, N. H.—loss $6,000; Hill's planing-mill, at Pittsburg, Pa.—loss $15,000; Beach & Dodge's tannery, at Harrisville—loss $50,000; Oliver's planing-mill, at Toronto, Ont.—loss $25,000; the Globe Fire-Insurance building, this city—injured to the amount of $2,000; building No. 82 Water street, this city—loss $1,500.

*** Nov. 21: Bland's Silver-bill was reported favorably in the Senate.....George Staples, living near Versailles, Mo., was killed by his son in a drunken row.....Nicholas Pfinning was arrested at Sparta, Wis., on suspicion of having murdered the Van Voorhees family.....The students of Wellesley College were given an unwelcome vacation on account of scarlet-fever.....The schooner Grace Choate, arriving at Gloucester, Mass., reported the loss of four of her crew.....The upright inhabitants of Grange County, Va., reached a mean for robbing a clothing-store.....One Johnson assaulted Blacksmith Kelley at Dutot's Gap, Pa., and was himself killed.....Charles Allen of Grafton, O., died from the effects of a pistol-shot fired by a burglar who was attempting to rob the post-office.....Intelligence was received at Cincinnati that the Russians had 300 guns at Kars; Robert Browning declined the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews.....Fires: The Candee Rubber Works at New Haven were totally destroyed. Several workmen were injured in escaping. Six buildings burned; loss $100,000; loss of employment, and $600,000 consumed. At West Hoboken, N. J., six frame dwelling-houses were burned—loss $15,000; at Jersey City, James Kampin's cigar-factory—loss $1,500; the Institute at Fort Edward, N. Y., in which were assembled 200 students, all of whom escaped—loss estimated at over $150,000.

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*** Nov. 22: The presidential vote of New York State showed Beach's majority over Churchill to be 11,280.....William Thompson, the Brooklyn night-watchman who shot McBride, was indicted for murder.....Jealousy led George Ambruster of Fultonville, Ill., to kill his wife and John T. Richards.....Who killed William Jacobs was the problem which perplexed Staten Island.....City news: Michael Catache, an Italian, was murdered in "Bottle-alley;" *The Evening Mail* was sold for $8,770; Ferdinand Dather was run over on Broadway and died from his injuries; Libbie O'Brien, the thirteen-year-old thief, escaped from the Catholic Protectory; Frank Grumb hung himself in an Eleventh avenue house; James H. Ingersoll testified about the Ring percentages; Mrs. Le Bau's counsel applied for $20,000 in the Vanderbilt-will case.....By cable: The Pope was too feeble to grant audiences; Servia was said to be preparing for war.....Fires: The marble building S. W. corner Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, damaged to the extent of $120,000; the building No. 5 Mercer street, this city—loss $13,000; the Minot stone mill at Enfield, Mass.—loss $10,000; Rowitzer & Brothers' shoddy mill at Stafford Springs, Ct.—loss $10,000.

*** Nov. 23: The president and cashier of the Miners' Trust Company Bank of Pottsville, Pa., were convicted of fraud.....James Hawkins was hanged at Towsontown, Md.....Darius Manchester, who killed a man, escaped with a sentence of one year's imprisonment at Newport, R. I.....John A. Smith, on trial for the murder of his wife at Morristown, N. J., escaped hanging on the plea of insanity.....A bridge gave way on the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad at Fishing Creek, S. C., precipitating a train into the stream, killing several passengers and injuring many more.....The convict Barr, who killed a keeper in the Auburn prison, was sentenced to imprisonment for life.....The jury in the Chicago whiskey cases could not agree.....City news: A pious swindler with half a dozen names was arrested on complaints of Chancellor Crosby; Joseph Hasander stabbed William Englehardt in a Third avenue brewery; Louis F. Theroason, a well-known lawyer, was locked up in Ludlow-street jail for using $130,000 of other people's money; red pepper made the meeting of the Liberal Club unpleasantly spicy; the Custom-house officers seized 5,000 smuggled cigars; a young man from the West, who said his name was McGiffin, was arrested for passing an alleged counterfeit $1,000 bill.....John Blanth was placed on trial at White Plains, N. Y., for killing his brother.....Deacon Smith of Boston was held for poisoning his wife.....By cable: The Pope continued in critical condition; the new French Ministry was formally announced.....The Fishery Commission awarded Great Britain $5,500,000.....Deputy Sheriff Dismelt, of Clermont County, O., was arrested for robbing the county treasury.....The Central National Bank of Chicago closed its doors. There are still some banks to hear from.....Fires: The building No. 117 Mercer street, this city—loss $25,000; a great fire was reported to have occurred in Bahia, Brazil, on the 21st.

*** Nov. 24: The United States man-of-war Huron was wrecked off Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina coast. Out of a crew of 138 souls it was reported that more than 100 had been drowned.....David Smith, under sentence of death at Ottawa, escaped the scaffold to spend the remainder of his life in prison.....Emma Meehan, a young and pretty girl of Middletown, N. Y., took laudanum and died.....Johanna Morrison was held for the murder of her child at Boston, Mass.....Heavy storms in Western Virginia flooded the railroads and destroyed much property.....Three of the "Cincinnati Seven" were arrested in Cincinnati.....At Smithfield, R. I., Thomas Reilly stabbed Charles Northrup three times with a jack-knife.....A railway train fell through a trestle at Rockhill, S. C., killing one of the passengers.....Francis J. McNally, aged 17, was found guilty of manslaughter, in a Brooklyn court.....The steamer Algiers, which left Boston, reported the loss of her third officer and a seaman on Nov. 11.....The trial of Wallace Wilkinson for the murder of William Baxter at Provo City, Utah, ended in a verdict of guilty.....City news: Wm. H. Camp of Newark, N. J., fell between the cars at the Centre-street depot and was fatally injured; Mrs. Sarah Agnes Strong was killed in attempting to stop a runaway horse on Eighth avenue; the disorderly houses on Twenty-seventh street were raided; Wm. S. Mitchell, editor of *The Philadelphia Commercial Advertiser*, found himself in the Tombs on a charge of attempting to shoot Wm. Tumbridge.....By cable: Heavy storms set in generally, doing much injury; the French Chamber refused to accept MacMahon's new Ministry.....Fires: The building No. 69 Pearl street, this city, damaged to the extent of $10,000; Speer's cotton-gin at Memphis, Tenn.—loss $10,000; Palmer's livery-stable, at Hartford, Ct.—loss $1,900; Col. Rivers' sugar-house, at Iberville Parish, La.—loss $40,000; Mrs. E. H. Pierce's fancy-goods store at Lynn, Mass.—loss $6,000.

*** Nov. 25: Five men were drowned while attempting to reach the shore from the wreck of the Huron in a life-boat.....Ex-Comptroller Garfield was arrested at Detroit, Mich., for embezzlement.....The continued storm did heavy damage in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.....The jury in the case of "Buckeye" Jim and Molly Maguire on trial for murder at Pottsville, Pa., returned a verdict, late Saturday night, of guilty.....The schooner Edwin Francis was wrecked off City Island.....Luke R. Galt, a deputy sheriff of Brooklyn, was arrested on a charge of stealing groceries.....Telegraphic communication, south of Washington, was cut off by heavy storms.....City news: The leading hotels closed their bars on Geo. Dell, aged 17, killed Jacob Massoth with a razor, in an East Thirteenth street basement; Charles McKenney and Joseph Hart, half brothers, engaged in a drunken fight in West Forty-third street, and Hart made a meal of McKenney's nose; Albert E. Roach was stabbed by a jealous woman in West Thirty-second street; George Green ran through Second avenue firing a pistol promiscuously, and was only arrested after he had shot a girl and had himself been wounded; Elias Silleman and wife were arrested on a charge of incendiarism; Gabriel Rapa, known as "The Buffalo," was arrested on suspicion of having killed the Italian Cattachi; Simmons Playr, a newsdealer, made an unsuccessful effort to cut his throat; Henry Hausemann, who recently murdered his two children, shot himself, died in the Chambers-street Hospital.....Fires: The Timers' Cotton-finishing Works, at Philadelphia, damaged to the extent of $15,000; Paradise's drygoods store, Eighth avenue, this city—loss £9,000; Howard & Evans' fire-clay works at Cheltenham, Mo.—loss $20,000.....The resignation was announced of Assistant-Secretary Conrad.....Col. Russell Hastings was named as his successor.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BAUMAN, A. H.—Largely interested in the manufacture of glass at Pittsburg, Pa. He was also widely known from his connection with the lager-beer business. Died Nov. 17, aged 48.

BROWN, John R.—Editor and publisher of *The Ellicott City* (Md.) *Times*, of which he was also the founder—Ellicott City, Md., Nov. 20.

BOUVIER, Henri Victor—A distinguished French physician. He was for many years an active member of the Academy of Medicine, the Children's Hospital, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He wrote a number of important works on anatomy and physiology—Paris, Nov. 23, aged 78.

BORGHESE, Dowager Princess—A daughter of Count Rochefoucauld, and widow of Pauline Bonaparte's brother-in-law—Pisa, recently, aged 84.

BRION, Gustave—An Alsatian painter of recognized merit. He received many medals of honor, and at one time was famous in Paris; but he died in want and unattended by friends—Paris, recently, aged 53.

COLLINS, John—A printer, well known in Cincinnati, where he had been employed for a number of years on *The Enquirer*—Cincinnati, O., Nov. 21, aged 43.

COGSWELL, Theodore J.—A promising young lawyer of the Queen's County Bar, and a son of Judge William J. Cogswell—Farmingdale, L. I., Nov. 22, aged 31.

CAPEFIGUE, Benoni—A Pawtucket, R. I., physician. He was stricken with apoplexy on the morning appointed for his wife's funeral—Pawtucket, R. I., Nov. 21.

DAVIS, John—A veteran of the War of 1812. He retired to his bed seemingly in good health, but was found dead the next morning—Lexington, Ky., Nov. 18, aged 91.

FOOTE, Elial T.—A physician who was one of the early leaders of the homœopathic school. He was among the oldest living ex-members of the New York Assembly, which he first entered in 1820. During the past few years he had abandoned the practice of his profession—New Haven, Ct., Nov. 17, aged 81.

EREY, George—For many years a teacher of the German language, and one of the founders of the Baltimore Schuetzen Society—Baltimore, Md., Nov. 18, aged 66.

GORDON, George William—A prominent citizen of Boston. He was appointed postmaster of that city in 1841, and again in 1850. Of late years he had been engaged in the insurance business and mining operations—Boston, Mass., Nov. 19, aged 76.

GARDINER, Francis C.—A well-known citizen of Providence, R. I. He was United States Marshal for Rhode Island under Presidents Pierce and Buchanan—Providence, R. I., Nov. 19.

GRENNEL, George—The oldest member of the Franklin County, Mass., bar. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1808, admitted to the bar in 1811, was District-attorney from 1820 to 1828, a member of Congress from 1828 to 1838, Presidential Elector in 1840, Register of Probate from 1841 to 1849, Judge of Probate from 1849 to 1853, and Clerk of Court from 1853 to 1861—Greenfield, Mass., Nov. 20, aged 91.

GRINNELL, Moses H.—One of the old and honored merchants of New York. He began his business life in New Bed

A QUOITING-MATCH, for £50 a side and the twenty one yards championship, was played by Alexander Letham and James Armour, both Scotchmen, at Glasgow, Nov. 3. Seventy-one ends were played, and Letham won by a score of 61 to 34. Referee, Campbell Currie.

THE SCOTTISH-AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB will hold their third annual handicap games on the club grounds, 329 West Fifty-fourth street, on Thanksgiving-day, Nov. 29, commencing at two o'clock P. M.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 267.

Siberia in search of her. Here Ivan and the Czar meet. He pleads in vain for Estelle, but the Czar is in danger by conspiracy and also by fire, and the heroic conduct of Ivan is such that the Emperor is moved to compassion, and all ends happily "By Command of the Czar."

"LIGHT," a new version, by Arthur J. Flaxman, of "L'Aveugle," was performed at a matinee at the Gaiety Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 3. It differs but little from the version of the same French play called "The Hunchback Doctor," produced years ago at the Surrey, and revived last year during Mr. Cheswick's engagement at the Park, being then called "A Ray of Light."

JOHN FAREY, for many years a popular manager of the Britannia Theatre Company, died in London, Eng., Nov. 1. He was born in 1810, and was a brother of Tom Parry.

MRS. CHURCH, for over forty years connected with the Theatre Royal, Norwich, Eng., died Nov. 5, aged 74.

Our Australian Letter.

MELBOURNE, Oct. 16, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Since my last, matters musical and dramatic have gone on fast and furious. At this writing the Academy of Music, under the direction of Mrs. G. B. W. Lewis, is being crammed to its utmost limits to witness the performances of William Creswick. Since his opening he has played Virginius, King Lear and Hamlet, twelve nights each, and is now appearing as Richelieu. Of the star's powers as an artist it may be said that each successive presentation is still more wonderful in conception than the one preceding; at each successive representation the observer discovers new beauties. His Ham et was a masterpiece of acting, the result of nearly forty years of study. In Edwin Adams and Walter Montgomery we had here great Hamlets, though their reading differed in several essential features. To some Adams' was too subdued; to others, Montgomery's a shade too moody; but in Mr. Creswick's Hamlet we have an embodiment which gives delight and satisfaction to everyone. His refined elocution, the vigorous nature of his acting, his fastidious attention to the most trifling details, his rigid observance of the numberless requirements stamp his performances as those among the finest ever seen in this country. His powers have had a beneficial effect on the members of the company. Harry Douglas, a deserving actor, has lately joined the company, and his endeavors have been warmly appreciated. "The Lady of Lyons" and "William Tell" are in rehearsal. Mr. Creswick's engagement will run up to Christmas, when he will appear at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney. Salsbury's Troubadours—Miss Nellie McHenry, Miss Blanche Corelli, and Messrs. Salsbury, John Webster and Johnny Gourlay—opened their Melbourne season at the Opera-house Sept. 24 with the comedy "Two Can Play at that Game," and the extravaganza "Patchwork." This latter took the people "all of a heap." It is but rarely that Melbourne audiences, who are almost hypercritical, suffer themselves to be so thoroughly taken captive as they were with "Patchwork." After a short interval of surprise as to what it really meant, they abandoned themselves to the situation, and peal upon peal of unrestrained laughter greeted the performance. The travesty of "Hamlet," which is the most diverting feature in the sketch, is richly comic. Miss Nellie McHenry (Mrs. J. Webster, whose resemblance on the stage to Miss Emilie Melville is generally noticed, is certainly one of the most brilliant, resolute and untiring women I have ever seen grace the Melbourne stage, and so thoroughly clever that it is a real pleasure to sit and watch her. Miss Corelli, though more sedate, is also clever, and a really brilliant vocalist. John Webster is an efficient, genteel comedian. John Gourlay—little Johnny, as I knew him when he was here times gone by with his father and "Mrs. Macgregor's Gathering"—has become a first class comedian—dry, but very funny. John Salsbury is a "gem" in his way, the sketches from Shakespeare and other authors being irresistibly droll, while his imitations of American actors, especially that of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, show him to be the possessor of great imitative and mimic powers. The conductor, F. Maeder, materially conduces to the general success of the entertainment. Warm thanks are due to Tracy Titus for his pluck and energy in introducing to us such a clever, bright little company. The troupe, I hear, will have possession of the boards during the coming Christmas season. Charles Pope closed a season of twelve nights at the Theatre Royal Oct 5. He appeared as Othello, and was supported by Mr. and Mrs. George Darrell as Iago and Emilia. Previously Mr. Pope had appeared in "Richard III," "Macbeth, "The Robbers" and "The Stranger." His performances have been recognized generally as those of an artist who has given to each a careful study, which severally gave general satisfaction. The short season was in consequence of Benedia and change of business generally coming on, but Mr. Pope will probably reappear early in the coming year in a series of plays never yet produced in Australia. On the following Monday Richard Stewart, one of the lessees, took his farewell benefit, and reproduced "Eileen Oge," in which he appeared as Bryan O'Lynn. The house was not crowded, and the beneficiary made a foolish and bad-tempered speech. He evidently did not quite approve of our management, especially as his own and his daughter's services will be dispensed with by the new management. Stuart O'Brien, the stage manager, had his benefit on Friday last, and played Rip Van Winkle to a good house. Last night the genial and clever John Hennings took his "Own," prouncing it for the first time in the colony "Across the Continent." The scenery from this gentleman's pencil is very fine, and elicited loud applause. The cast of the drama was very strong one, including A. W. Lawrence as John Adderley Sr., F. C. Appleton as George Constant, Stuart O'Brien as Mr. Goodwyn, J. R. Greville as Denis D'Dwyre (as Carry George Lewis, R. W. Lawrence) as Agnes Constant, and Mrs. Edouin Bryer as Bridget O'Dwyer; W. J. Holloway, Joe Ferrer, Tom Goodwin, F. S. Appleton, Pauly, E. Gladstone; Knock-me-down Johnny, R. K. Harwood; Cæsar Augustus, R. Stewart; Giovanni, C. H. Taylor; Black Cloud, H. Sefton; Yellow Feather, J. Cæsar; Louise Goodwin, Alice Dorwyn; Clara Goodwin, Nelly Stewart; Dolore, Lillie Bryer; and Susie Lellis, Miss Jenny Bryce. The house was crammed from floor to ceiling, and during the evening a very handsome and costly presentation was made to the deserving recipient, who thanked his admirers in a well-considered speech. Next Thursday Miss D'oy Stewart makes her appeal, and will produce W. S. Gilbert's burlesque of "The Little Vivandiere." The season will close with the farewell benefit of Henry R. Harwood, the senior lessee. On Nov. 5 exit as lessees Messrs. H. R. Harwood, R. Stewart, John Hennings and George Cowpin. On the 6th enter as the new lessees Messrs. George Coppin, J. R. Greville and John Hennings. As to the movements and engagements made by the new management, I am enabled to state those of the old company who have obtained new appeal, and will produce W. S. Gilbert's burlesque of "The Little Vivandiere." The season will close with the farewell benefit of Henry R. Harwood, the senior lessee. On Nov. 5 exit as lessees Messrs. H. R. Harwood, R. Stewart, John Hennings and George Cowpin. 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The Christmas presentation will be the pantomime of "The Forty Thieves," as produced at Drury-lane Theatre, London, last year, the properties of which have been imported by the new regime. I hear that Mr. Harwood will shortly be with us in some of the Australian and New Zealand.....The Hicks Company of Georgia Minstrels have closed a good season, thanks more especially to the popularity of Tom Kennedy (acting manager) and Frank B. Wade (business man). The comicalities of Crusoe and Easton are excellent, but their singing is not up to the mark. They are now playing to good business in White's Rooms, Adelaide. Respectfully yours, CALLBOY.

MUSICAL.

"LA SURPRISE DE L'AMOUR," a two-act comic opera, adapted by Charles Monselet from Marivaux's comedy of the same name, with music by Fred Poise, has been brought out at the Opera Comique, Paris. The story is of the most trifling kind. The Countess has been left a widow, and Lelio has been jilted; so they naturally agree to comfort each other platonically, their interviews being of a rather tearful character. Columbine and Arlequin, their servants, ape the example of their mistress and master, and, after a witty drawn exposition of the troubles, hesitations, and hopes of these four weak hearts, the piece ends, as it was bound from the first to do, by a double marriage.

JOHANN HERBECK died at Vienna, Austria, Oct. 28, aged 36. In 1856 he was chorus-master of the Choral Union, in that city, in 1859 he was appointed principal of the Gesellschaft der Musickfreund (Conservatoire), directing the concerts until 1869, when he was appointed conductor at the Imperial Opera. Upon his resigning this exalted position in 1875, efforts were made to again secure him for the Conservatoire, as his successors, Rubenstein and Brahms, had not been able to replace him as conductor, in which position he was regarded as unequaled since the days of Mendelssohn and Habeneck. He was the composer of a number of choral and symphonic works, and the Emperor of Austria had conferred upon him the Knighthood of the Iron Crown, together with the title of nobility.

ANTONIO MAGOTTI, aged 85, and Leopold Robbia, aged 75, ex-opera agents, are reported to have died at Milan, Italy, recently.

ISIDORE DE SOLLA was to have commenced a series of afternoon performances of English opera at the Aquarium Theatre, London, Nov. 26. He threatens to produce a new opera.

HOWARD PAUL and troupe, after a season at the Alexandra Palace, London, have gone into the provinces.

AN ENGLISH VERSION, by Messrs. Reece and Farnie, of "Les Cloches de Corneville" is to be the Christmas attraction at the Folly Theatre, London.

THE SEASON of Italian opera at the Salle Ventadour, Paris, opened Nov. 3, with "Poliuto," with Tamberlik in the title-role, and Madame Urban, an American debutante, as Paulina. The lady, who was born in Louisiana, of French parents, made a favorable impression.

M. BRESSANT has resigned his post as professor at the Conservatoire of Paris, on account of ill-health.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN of Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, under the management of Col. Mapleson, commenced Nov. 5, when "Trovatore" was given, Mlle. Caroline Salla impersonating the heroine, Mlle. Bauermeister appearing as Ines, Mme. Demeric Lablache as Azucena, Signor Tancelli as Manrico, and Signor Gaiassi as the Conte di Luna. On the 6th "Lucia" was performed, Mlle. Alwina Valleria sustaining the title-role, and Sig. Fancelli as the hero. On the 7th "Un Ballo in Maschero" was the attraction, Signor Runcio making his first appearance as Riccardo, and Mlle. Salla being the heroine.

DUMINO the progress of the ballet "Ching, Chang, Chong," at the South London (Eng.) Palace Nov. 6, the dress of Miss Jennie Elliott, the accomplished premiere danseuse of the Sisters Elliott, took fire, and before the flames could be extinguished she was very severely burnt, and had to be removed to Guy's Hospital. At last accounts she was progressing favorably.

VICTOR NATATOR (Richard Cooper) and Carmina Scotti, chansonette singer, were married Oct. 30, at Vienna, Austria.

JAMES ETHERINGTON, pantomimist, died in England recently, aged 46.

BILLY ASHCROFT, upon his reappearance at the New Star Music Hall, Liverpool, "just from America," Nov. 5, met with a rousing welcome.

JOE BROWN, Fred. Wilson, Ella Vesinet, Kitty Brooks, Baby Bindley, Minnie Loder, the Cawthornes, Sam Redfern, the Pholtes and Julia Sutherland are performing in the music halls of the British metropolis.

THE MARRIAGE of Madame Marie-Roze to Harry Mapleson, son of Col. J. H. Mapleson, is reported.

MLLE. CAMILLE DUBOIS, recently married to the Hon. Wyndham Stanhope, has left the Strand Theatre, London, Miss Marie De Grey assuming her part in "Champagne."

MADAME PUPIC has met with so much success at the Theatre des Fantasies Parisiennes, Brussels, Belgium, that she has been re-engaged for one month.

IT is stated that, at a meeting of the debenture-holders of the New Opera-house, London, Eng., it was resolved that, in default of sufficient means, the project should lapse, and that the site should be made available for a hotel or some such purpose.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE RUSSIAN ATHLETES, under the direction of M. Feeley, performed in Kingston, Jamaica, Nov. 10, 12, 13. The company includes Miss Maude Feeley, dancer; Miss Milli Carlotta, lion-queen; Little Mollie Feeley and Little Kittie, acrobats; M. Feeley, gymnast; E. Daniel Boone, lion-tamer; T. Bartis Flagler Jr., feats of strength; Danny Feeley, acrobat and gymnast; Salas Blondin, trapeze; Nathaniel Rogers and his boys Tony and Charley, acrobats; and Masters Willie and Sidney, contortionists and acrobats. They have a dog named Cachi-palo, which is said to look like a hog that has the sagacity of a dog.

THE BRAHAMS—Lizzie and Harry—arrived in Sydney, N. S. W., from San Francisco, Cal., in the steamship Zealandia, Oct. 21, after a passage of twenty-nine days.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS (the Charles B. Hicks party), now performing in Australia, were in Adelaide Oct. 8 to 29, Melbourne race week, Geelong Nov. 13 to 17, Ballarat 19 to 24, and are billed in Stawell 26, 27, Ararat 28, Maryborough 30, Sandhurst Dec. 1 to 8, Deniliquin 10, 11, Echuca 12, 13, Castlemaine 14, 15, Kyneton 17, opening a farewell engagement in Sydney, N. S. W., at the conclusion of which they are to sail for India and England.

AMUSEMENTS.

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FOR 1878.

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THE CROWN OF GOLD:
A Tale of the Time of Abu Kharer.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

I.

In the house of Abu Kharer—
May his memory be green—
Once there hung a picture rarer
Than all pictures ever seen.
'Twas a face of wondrous beauty,
Such as might become a saint,
Whom to worship were a duty,
And to love a sweet constraint.

Something more than transitory
Was the gracious charm it wore,
Never canvas caught a glory
Half so radiant before,
So that those upon it gazing
Turned to look and gaze again,
Still its saintly beauty praising
With the tongue and with the pen.

Should you care to hear the story
Of this priceless picture told,
Read how Mohab toiled for glory,
How he won a crown of gold?

II.

"Blessings on the head of Kharer,
Abu Kharer, man of worth;
May his fame grow fair and fairer,
And his days be long on earth!"
Thus the painter Mohab said,
When these words of cheer he read,
Writ by Abu Kharer's hand:
"*Be it known throughout the land*
To him who shall with greatest skill
Paint a picture, what will
In public give a golden crown,
And purse of silver: and renown
Shall ever after gild the name
Of him who seizes thus on fame."

The painter Mohab felt the thrill
Of hot ambition in his veins,
For well he knew his natural skill,
And with what patience and what pains
He labored at his arts—and now
The crown of gold would deck his brow!

Yes, now at last. Through many years,
In want and misery and tears,
Had Mohab toiled, and still the fame
He coveted had fled his grasp;
None praised his work, nor knew his name,
And disappointment, like an asp,

Had rankled long within his breast;
But now fair promise lit the sky—
Of all the pictures his, the best.
Should win the crown, and lo! on high
The name of Mohab, bright and bold,
Would shine in letters all of gold!

"I will paint such a picture as never was seen,
And the crown of gold shall deck my head,
And forever shall live my memory green!"
Thus Mohab the painter exultingly said,
When Abu Kharer's words he read.

III.

To his studio Mohab the painter went;
Narrow the room and dark and pent.
But, closing the door behind him, he said:
"Except it be for drink or bread,
I shall not leave this place again
Till Mohab's name is known of men!"

And there he labored. Day by day,
The picture grew beneath his hand;
He marked not how the gracious May
Spread beauty over all the land,
Nor how the early flowers bloomed,
Nor how the birds sang tunefully.
For Mohab, in his room entombed,
Could neither know, nor feel, nor see
Aught save the fire of his fair flush
Of morning found him with his brush;

And when the sun sank in the west,
And peaceful nature lay at rest,
Still was he there, and toiling still.
Obedient to his fervent will,
His patient hand was taught to trace
The outlines of that saintly face.
And so the picture grew apace—
Grew wondrously, by slow degrees,
Through toilsome days devoid of ease,
And sleepless nights, wherein he lay
And longed but for the coming day.

Thus Mohab toiled, and toiled alone,
His hopes and aims his companion;
The while his thin cheeks thinner grew,
His wasted form more weak and bent,
And on his face the hectic hue,
Too deeply crimson, came and went.
Yet ever through those weary days,
And nights which brought no precious rest,
There rose before the painter's gaze
The vision of that mortal, blessed,
When cheering crowds should shout his praise;
And always did his eyes behold
The burnished crown of yellow gold!

And now at last his work is done,
And Mohab stands and looks upon
The face whose beauty fills his heart
With something more than love of art.
His work is done; and now, what more?
He sinks exhausted to the floor;
The hectic burns upon his cheeks,
Death's lustres in his deep eyes shine,
And, clutching still the brush, he speaks:
"The crown—the crown of gold—is mine!"

IV.

Within the studio bleak and bare
They found the painter lying there,
And on his cold and pallid face
A smile of triumph still could trace.
And one of those who knew him said:
"His work is finished; he is dead:
Yet let us mourn not, for behold
How he hath won a crown of gold—
A crown more glorious, and rarer,
Than that bestowed by Abu Kharer!"

GERONIMO,
OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

Signor Geronimo appeared in the salon. His face was deadly pale and emaciated like a skeleton's. The blood had clotted about the wound in his neck, which was swollen up to an unnatural size. Though he had evidently attempted to rid his clothes of the clay and dirt of his dungeon, they were still in disorder and soiled. Had a spectre sprung from the grave and fallen into their midst, the inmates of the salon could not have been more astounded and alarmed. The moment Turchi had recognized his victim he recoiled with a cry of terror, and stretched out his trembling hands to Geronimo in a supplicating attitude that seemed to say "Mercy! mercy!"

The young man threw a look of disgust and scorn at him, and exclaimed:

"You here, foul assassin? Tremble! tremble! for the God of Gods demands an account of the blood you have shed! The dead body of Julio cries to me for vengeance, and the wounds on my person, inflicted by your own dastardly hand, seem to inflame anew in your villainous presence!"

A murmur of surprise and terror vibrated through the salon; all had riveted their eyes on Turchi, who had shrunk back more dead than alive. Flinging this withering accusation into the very teeth of the culprit, Geronimo tossed his feeble head as if striving to expel the thoughts that crowded his brain, then flung himself on his uncle's neck, and clasped him rapturously to his breast.

"Oh, matchless joy!" he exclaimed, his cheeks wet with tears; "unlooked-for happiness! I behold my good uncle once more. You have suffered and bemoaned my loss like a father, have you not? Away with all sorrow now! I know how to repay affection such as yours. I will love you, venerate you, until you go down to the grave, and will then cherish your memory. Oh, bless the God of Mercy, who has torn me from the claws of that tiger polluted with human blood! But Maria, where is she? Ah! yonder on that chair! Heaven! what has happened to my poor darling?"

He ran to the still swooning girl, knelt beside her, seized one of her hands and bathed it with his burning tears, calling her by name. Meanwhile the good duenna was applying restoratives to the icy temples of the lifeless form so beautiful in its swoon. Lord Van den Werve, trembling from head to foot with suspense, was assisting the duenna in her efforts to bring his daughter to.

The unexpected appearance of Geronimo had thrown the wretched Turchi into a frantic state of mind; he had edged stealthily towards the door in order to fly; but the bailiff, who had read his intentions, had drawn his sword and placed himself before the entrance.

Simone Turchi perceived then that he was utterly lost. With his head bowed and his face buried in his hands, he stood motionless at the farther end of the salon. The thought of begging for mercy or seeking to fly still surged within his guilty self; but each time he made a move a menacing gesture from the bailiff quelled all hope in his heart, and he bowed his head still lower on his heaving bosom.

Maria came to finally. Her eyes wandered all around the room, and for a moment she seemed to have forgotten what had occurred; but when Geronimo again caught her hand in his and whispered to her softly, she recalled the situation, and a happy smile illumined her features as she turned her lustrous, rapt eyes on her lover.

"It is not a dream, after all!" she murmured. "He lives! I see him again! Geronimo! Geronimo!"

The young man was so overpowered by his own emotion that the tears again darted from his eyes, and he could only stammer the name of his fiancee. But a few moments had elapsed since Geronimo's sudden appearance, and the occupants of the room were still too agitated by their various impressions to express their astonishment in words. But, suspecting he had a painful duty to perform, the bailiff resolved to assert his authority in order to bring this sad and touching scene to a speedy end. He raised his voice, saying in an imperative tone:

"Signor Geronimo, be good enough to suppress your joy for an instant. I ask you, in the name of the law, to explain what has happened, and why you call Signor Turchi an assassin. Approach and obey my order."

Geronimo pressed Maria's hand once more, tranquillized her by a few soft words, and approached the bailiff. Turchi, foreseeing that his odious crime was about to be disclosed, was ready to drop with agony and shame; his face twisted convulsively, but he dared not raise his head and meet the unflinching eye of his accuser.

"Well, signor, let us hear what you have to say," ordered the bailiff.

"It is horrible!" returned Geronimo. "Five or six weeks ago, Simone Turchi came to me with the story that unexpected occurrences had placed him in need of ten thousand crowns. If he did not obtain the loan immediately, his commercial house would fall to the ground, and he himself would be branded with everlasting disgrace. He only wanted the amount for the space of a month. I loaned him the ten thousand crowns, and, at his prayer, promised not to enter the transaction in my books, lest it should come to the knowledge of my clerks and thereby be noised abroad. I accepted a promissory note in exchange for the loan."

Old Deodati sprang to his feet with a shout of joy, and threw himself into his nephew's arms.

"God be praised, my worthy Geronimo! Your words fill my heart with light again. To think that that perfidious scoundrel should make me believe you had lost the ten thousand crowns at play! No; you are too noble to do such a thing—too grateful, too loving, my dear boy—"

"Put a stop to this demonstration, out of respect for the law, Signor Deodati," broke in the bailiff. "Well, Geronimo, go on with your disclosure."

"What baseness! He represented me as an ungrateful wretch, a gambler!" murmured the young man, raising his hands with indignation.

"At the last soiree that occurred in this house," he resumed, turning again to the bailiff, "Signor Turchi told me that a strange merchant, who wished to remain unknown, would pay me back the ten thousand crowns. I was to go to the country-seat alone, and as secretly as possible. There I was to receive some negotiable bills on Italy in exchange for the note. When I came there, Julio, the servant of Simone, pushed me into a large armchair—a trap—where my body was caught violently and hugged so tightly by two steel springs that I was powerless to move. Then Simone Turchi appeared, dagger in hand; he tore the note from me, and destroyed it before my eyes, and essayed to plunge his knife into my heart; but the weapon was staid by a copper amulet suspended from my neck. A wound which he gave me in the nape of the neck then made me lose all consciousness, and, closing my eyes, I bade an eternal farewell to earth."

Old Deodati had drawn his sword (unwittingly, perhaps), and seemed to have a great longing for running Turchi through and through; but a severe look from the bailiff held him in check. He continued to play with the hilt of his sword, however, and muttered dark threats against the assassin, who had turned his head to the wall.

"I awoke in a dismal dungeon," resumed Geronimo, "on the edge of a freshly-dug grave that had been prepared to receive my corpse. When Julio returned to bury my body he found me alive, and would have killed me then had he not recognized the amulet I held up by way of protection. I was saved. The old blind woman, who had given me the amulet in consideration of the service I had rendered her in freeing her from Turkish bondage, was Julio's mother. Last night Signor Turchi gave his servant poisoned wine. Julio died in my arms, swearing that Signor Turchi had paid the rascally Brufferio to assassinate me. I worked for hours to escape from the garden. Here I am finally, saved from the most frightful deaths, and in the midst of all that is dearest to me on earth."

Geronimo returned to Maria's side. The young girl raised her tearful eyes to Heaven and thanked God for His miraculous preservation of her lover. But the imperative voice of the bailiff hoed on the stairs, and all, suspecting what was about to take place, looked at Simone Turchi with a shudder.

The latter, wild with terror, had understood the meaning of the bailiff's order. He threw himself upon his knees, crawled to the centre of the salon, and cried, with arms outstretched and his eyes dim with tears:

"Oh, honored bailiff—Geronimo, I am guilty of a dreadful crime; I merit your hatred, scorn—I merit death—but mercy, pity, have compassion on me! Spare me the disgrace of the scaffold! Do not blight my family with everlasting ignominy. Let me fly to the other end of the world! Oh, pardon, pardon! Do not surrender me to the executioner!"

Five police-officers appeared on the threshold of the salon.

"What does our superior order?" said their leader, addressing Van Schoonhoven.

"Tie his hands behind his back!" replied the bailiff coldly.

"O Heaven! tie my hands! bind me like a thief?" cried Turchi, horrified.

"Bind a nobleman?" repeated the officers with surprise.

"Execute my order at once!" commanded the bailiff. "This nobleman is an infamous thief and a cowardly assassin. Let him be taken to jail and thrown into the deepest dungeon; his guilty head shall fall on the scaffold!"

In the twinkling of an eye the officers bound Turchi's hands behind his back, though he struggled madly to escape. They then dragged him by main force from the salon, the bailiff following them.

Scarcely had Simone Turchi and his custodians reached the vestibule and vanished from sight, when Maria and Geronimo gave vent to a cry of rapturous delight. Maria sprang upon her father's neck; Geronimo, weeping for joy, rested his head on his uncle's bosom. But the venerable Deodati pushed him back gently, saying:

"My dear children, let us first accomplish a sacred duty. It is so evident that innocence here has been protected by God, that His presence in our midst makes me tremble with respect. Your beautiful dream will come true. Ah, let us prostrate ourselves before the Almighty and praise His name. Let us pray! let us pray!"

He knelt before a large crucifix that stood at one end of the salon, bowed his head and joined his hands. Geronimo and Maria dropped upon their knees beside the old man, and Lord Van den Werve bowed down behind them. Long, very long, the murmur of their prayers vibrated in the apartment.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was six o'clock in the morning. The splendor of the day and the height of the sun in the serene sky at that early hour indicated that the warm Summer season had superseded the mild month of May. It was evident that a solemnity or a festival was to take place in Antwerp that day, for through every gate of the city the country folk streamed in. The streets were filled with people of all ages, hastening towards the heart of the city, chatting and laughing as though a joyous and magnificent spectacle awaited them. But it was especially through the Borgerhout gate that the inhabitants of the populous outskirts and suburban villages rushed like a torrent into the city. The press was at times so great in the narrow passage that the women and children ran a risk of being crushed. Yet no one seemed to heed their shrieks of agony. All continued on their way with feverish haste, without looking about them, until their curiosity was suddenly roused by an extraordinary concourse of people at the end of the first long street.

Before Van den Werve's dwelling was a compact throng of citizens, who appeared to be waiting with impatience, and gazing through the carriage-entrance, which was thrown wide open. They were very orderly, speaking in low tones of what was about to transpire, and even making a passage ever and anon as a cavalier or distinguished personage presented himself for admittance. The object that drew the throng of pedestrians towards the centre of the city must have been very attractive, for the most of them did not stop nor turn their heads, even, others approached the gathering, and on being informed, in reply to their questions, that Miss Van den Werve was going to leave for Italy, continued on their way, as though the promise of a glimpse at this departure did not offer them sufficient interest to counterbalance a good place at a more imposing spectacle. Yet a great number remained, and endeavored to ascertain more clearly the true motive for the crowd of people at that particular spot.

An old, gray-headed peasant, having listened in vain for some time to the conversations among the people, finally recognized in the crowd a man belonging to his village, who had resided in the city (near St. John's) for several years, and who, consequently, ought to have known more about the unusual event at Van den Werve's than any of the others present. Elbowing a passage to the side of his friend, he struck him on the shoulder, saying:

"Hallo, Johannes! What new thing is going on here, to bring all this crowd? I heard the last one say Miss Van den Werve was going to leave for Italy."

"Ha! Master Juno," said the other, recognizing his old acquaintance, "you must call her Madam Geronimo Deodati."

"Is she married, then?"

"One would think, Master Juno, that our village was at the other end of the world. Everyone in Antwerp, from old man to child, blessed and kept the wedding-day as a glaring proof of God's justice."

"Indeed, friend Johannes, I recollect now that she married the victim shortly after the frightful crime. But do you know her?"

"Do I know her? She passes my door twice every day on her way to church. I leave bread at her house, and have often had an occasion to speak to her."

"They say she is so good and charitable," resumed the old man. "I'd like to see her, too; but I'm afraid I haven't the time to wait: it would bring me too late to the market square."

"Have no fear," replied Johannes; "it will be a good hour yet before the executioner's cart leaves the prison."

The old peasant appeared to hesitate whether to go or stay.

"But are you sure she is going to leave at once?" he questioned.

"In a second, Master Juno. They are hurrying as much as possible. Lord Van den Werve wants to get out of the city before the executioner begins his work."

"It's astonishing," remarked the old man. "Why did they wait till to-day? In their place, I'd have gone long ago."

"This is another proof of God's interference in these terrible events," returned Master Johannes. "The vessel that's to take them to Italy has been ready for a week, but the wind has been southwest the whole time—it didn't shift to the east till last night—so they couldn't attempt to go before to-day. It's high tide now, and the Schelde will be at an ebb exactly at the hour fixed for the murderer's death. So you see, God Himself has wanted Lord Van den Werve to remain here until His all-powerful vengeance was carried out."

"And she leaves for Italy? Doesn't she expect to return?"

"Yes, indeed; this is only their wedding-trip. She's coming back in a year—as soon as she has had time enough to forget the treacherous Turchi. Back, Master Juno—back! I think they're coming."

A gladsome acclamation rose from the midst of the throng, and all crowded towards the door, eager to see Madam Deodati pass. Those who did not know her were most anxious to get one glimpse of the noble young woman whose name was mixed with the bloody history of Simone Turchi, and who was extolled as a model of virtue, fervent piety and ideal beauty. The neighbors and acquaintances were united there to salute her once more and wish her a happy voyage.

Maria Van den Werve, then Madam Geronimo Deodati, appeared in the doorway, holding her husband's hand.

As soon as the people espied her, long exclamations sprang from every mouth, hats were waved, hands raised in the air, joyous shouts echoed far and near, and all pressed forward in order to look upon the angelic features of the beautiful young woman and the noble and distinguished face of her husband, so miraculously snatched by the intervention of God from the clutches of his cruel enemy, Simone Turchi.

Van den Werve walked beside his daughter, old Deodati was next to his much-beloved nephew Geronimo.

Then followed Maria's two married brothers, and a great number of near relatives and friends of her father, as well as a few Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, who wished to accompany Geronimo to the banks of the Schelde.

When Maria heard the blessings and joyous acclamations of the people, when she saw thousands of eyes, burning with enthusiasm and love, fixed on her, the warm blood gushed through her temples and cheeks, and she bowed her head, agitated. But she raised it immediately, and threw at the fascinated multitude a look full of affection and gratitude, which made every heart throb with emotion, and increased the gladsome shouts that quivered in the air.

At a sign from Van den Werve the crowd opened respectfully, and the whole procession of relatives and friends passed quickly into the street.

The throng closed up behind them, repeating their unrelaxing acclamations.

The whole route was lined with inhabitants eager to catch a glimpse of the now celebrated couple. They cheered and vociferated, and otherwise showed their respect and love for the two whom providence had so manifestly protected.

The march to the Schelde was a real triumph.

Van den Werve, accustomed to these demonstrations of respect, did not appear particularly moved by this reception, but bowed to the right and left with calm politeness.

The venerable Deodati, on the contrary, was profoundly affected. Instead of walking with his usual slight stoop, he held his head and body proudly erect. He seemed to have grown younger, a happy smile played on his lips, and he kept turning his eyes from the crowd to Geronimo, as if to say: "I am his foster-father and uncle."

Geronimo's hand trembled in that of his charming wife, his heart beat violently, and in his face shone the great joy of his heart and the buoyancy of his soul. From time to time he turned his eyes on Maria with a strangely fixed look, then quivered with secret rapture. Every step he took brought him nearer to his cherished country—Italy—where he was about to appear in the midst of his relatives and friends with the beautiful and loving companion which God himself had given him. How sweet and happy his life would be! What enjoyment to breathe the perfumed air of his native country hand in hand with his darling Maria, to run with her over its hills and through its dales, admire its magnificent nature, climb to the summits of its majestic mountains, whence, with outstretched arms, they would thank God for his great mercies!

He was still lost in the contemplation of the happiness which the future promised him, when the procession passed through the gate of the dockyard and reached the quay.

A shout of joy sprang from Geronimo. In the middle of the stream rocked the galley "Il Salvatore," dressed with flags of a thousand colors. Part of the sailors were busy weighing the anchor, and the grinding of the capstan could be heard as far as the quay. The rest of the crew were aloft or clinging to the ropes, waving their caps and making the air echo with their shout of welcome.

At the same time five or six gun-shots burst from the sides of "Il Salvatore," the solemn detonation spreading itself in long echoes on the surface of the water. The people responded from the shore by prolonged shouts, and the last echo of the cannons died away in the huzzas that floated along the quays and vessels. Meanwhile hand-shaking and embracing were being indulged in by the relatives and friends. More than one shed tears in stammering the adieu. Maria Van den Werve was more agitated than any of the rest, and when her brothers imprinted their last kiss on her marble brow her tears fell thick and fast.

Geronimo had contained himself up to that time. His eyes glistened on seeing his young wife's emotion, but he made up a happy face, and drove back the little pearls that were ready to trickle down his cheeks.

"Il Salvatore" had weighed anchor. The sails flapped at first, but soon caught the wind and swelled out in graceful curves. The vessel descended the river with the tide, dipping occasionally her majestic bow in the rippled water.

Van den Werve, Deodati and their two happy children entered the boat awaiting them. Petronille, the duenna, took a seat beside her master and mistress, a last farewell was exchanged, and the eight oars fell into the water simultaneously. The boat, propelled by the robust arms of the sailors, darted through the stream amid a sea of foam. At that moment the tears rained on Geronimo's cheeks. He threw his arms around Deodati's neck, and, embracing him ecstatically, exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear uncle—my good father!—Italy! Italy!"

And, raising his eyes to the azure vault above him, he continued in a voice swelled with gratitude:

"Blessed be Thou, my God, for the suffering Thou hast visited upon me; blessed be Thou for Thy infinite goodness. It has pleased Thee to give her to me, to make her my companion for life. Thanks! a thousand times thanks for all Thy boons!"

Scarcely had these words died on his lips when the boat touched the side of the galley. A ladder was lowered, and all, assisted by the sailors, ascended to the deck. The pilot gave a signal, the rest of the sails were set. The vessel hesitated a moment, as if in search of wind, then ploughed rapidly through the noble waters. Five or six detonations burst anew from the sides of "Il Salvatore," and the people that flocked on the quays and vessels replied to this thundering salute by deafening acclamations, that rolled away in prolonged echoes until the galley had vanished from all eyes behind the Head of Flanders. Then, as if every spectator was incited by the same thought at that moment, the whole black mass of human beings turned and poured out through all the gates of the dockyard, and began to run at the top of their speed towards the heart of the city.

The vast square that spreads itself out before the City Hall was covered, as far as the eye could reach, by a sea of heads. All the windows were filled with women, and even children; the roofs and gutters swarmed with curious ones; the iron railings around the wells seemed to bend beneath the weight of the urchins who had climbed upon them. Yet an imposing silence prevailed. Not a sound rose above the dull murmur of the thousands there assembled, unless it was the dismal death-knell, or at times a cry of agony, so heart-rending and thrilling that it made the spectators shudder and turn pale, even more so than the lugubrious toll of the bell of death. All eyes were fixed upon a spot in front of the City Hall, whence a thick cloud of smoke rose in eddies, while from the fiery bed underneath sinister cries of agony suddenly vibrated through the heavy atmosphere.

What occured that day on the vast market-square of Antwerp is told us by Matteo Bandello (Bishop of Agen, who lived at that epoch), as he heard it from the mouth of an eye-witness:

"On the day set down, Simone Turchi was confined in this same arm-chair, and led on a cart through the streets of Antwerp. The good father still accompanied him, exhorting him to repent. When they reached the market-square, the arm-chair, with Simone in it, was taken from the cart. The executioners ignited a little fire about it, which they fed with wood from time to time, in such a manner, however, that the heat was never too intense, but sufficient to roast the wretched Turchi slowly. The holy man stood as near to him as the heat would permit, and cried to him repeatedly:

"'Simone, now is the moment to repent!'

"And the sufferer replied as long as he was able:

"'Yes, father. As much as I can judge from the outer man.'

"Simone Turchi showed great repentance, much patience, and gave himself up with resignation to the cruel and ignominious death that awaited him. When they saw that he had given up the ghost, his half-burned body was taken before it had become altogether unrecognizable and, carried without the city, where it was fastened to a post by an iron chain, and the dagger with which he had struck Geronimo placed beside it. The post was planted on the border of a public road in order that all might see it, and left there as a stigma and chastisement, as well as a warning to others." THE END.

ANOTHER GHASTLY FAILURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN M. TURNER.

He sent a letter and explained that he would like a date:
His line of "biz" was song-and-dance, he begged for space to state—
"Entirely different from the rest" in every shape and form,
And if a chance was offered him t' would take the house by storm;
Could even do a banjo act or work upon the end,
And as a "heavy man" or clown his services would lend—
Tip "Backward Shot," "The Leap for Life," or "swing upon trapeze"—
In fact, would do most anything the managers to please.

He got a date in Baltimore, no matter when or where—
Suffice to say he packed his "grip" and quickly "aberried" there.
He reached the hall at five A. M., but found the door was tied,
So sat down on the step a while till asked to walk inside.
The boys all called him "Pompey," yet he said his name was Cull,
And he wondered why they "yah-yahed" so, and said "Oh, stage the gull!"
They took him at rehearsal, and helped to make him up,
And told him when he played that night he'd surely "take the cup."

The house that night was very good, and when the curtain rose
A sketch went off and caught the gawks, and then the flats did close.
Next came a "serious chronic" dame, who held the stage a while—
Two encores took, which helped kill time and caused a ghastly smile.
A horizontal bar act next was followed by a sketch.
Ed Ions all-around banjo man the gallery boys did fetch.
The next turn on the programme was a "happy song-and-dance,"
In which this Pompey wandered forth the audience to entrance.

The prelude plays, Pomp comes down front, he feels his life at stake,
He says his name is "Dancing Sam," and tries to do a break.
Just then his knees got very weak—showed signs of being lost,
Forgot his words and couldn't dance, and made a "blooming frost."
They said "Come off!" He would not move, he could not leave his post;
He thought of early childhood when "canal"-ing off the coast.
The audience were paralyzed—he did not care a snap,
But, falling back a step or two, they let him through a trap.

* * * * * * * *

"A great success!" was what they said. *He* knew he'd made a hit.
When falling through the trap above down in the gloomy pit
The "main guy" took him by the hand and said he thought it best
That, owing to such jealousy, he'd take a centurv's rest.
Says he: "Your hamfat steps are good, your Juba beats the band,
But, my dear boy, your plaintive voice this 'biz' will surely wreck.
Here, take this 'ease,' walk out of town—you know we've used you right.
You've made a most remarked success by saving your life this night!"

"WHEN THE PLAY IS OVER:"
An Old Manager's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ADAH M. HOWARD.

"Standing-room only!" Night after night this announcement appeared around the entrance and over the box-office of a certain theatre in one of our large Western cities during the engagement of Evelyn Gray, a young English lady whose superb rendition of emotional parts, added to a beauty that was the theme of every tongue, seemed to have taken the hearts of the theatre going public by storm. I as acting manager of the theatre was as happy as a lord, for business had been very dull previous to the engagement of Miss Gray, and we had been losing considerable money; but now that the wheel of fortune had turned in our favor, we blessed our lucky stars and—Miss Evelyn Gray. "Camille" was the play in which Miss Gray chose to make her American debut, and, although at first we trembled for its success, remembering the talented American ladies who had already distinguished themselves in the part, we were rejoiced to find that our fears had been groundless. Evelyn Gray's Camille was pronounced by press and public a most wonderful creation, and the play bade fair to hold the boards for weeks to come. Our leading man, Oscar Rome, was perfectly at home in the character of Armand Duval, and divided the honors with the beautiful Camille. He was a handsome-looking fellow, tall and stately, with just such a face as women love, and large, dark eyes, that could flash with merriment or sadden with the deeper emotions of the heart. He was a great favorite, both with the public and with his professional associates, although the latter class tormented him unmercifully, dubbing him "The Woman-hater" on account of his well-known distaste for the society of the fair sex—a most unenviable character for an actor.

I shall never forget Oscar Rome's meeting with Evelyn Gray on the morning of the first rehearsal of "Camille." It was I who presented him to her, employing the usual stereotyped words of introduction, and wondering why he did not acknowledge the honor in his usual grave, courteous manner. Changing to a glance up at him quizzically, I noticed a look on his face that puzzled me, and, following the direction of his eyes, saw that they were fixed intently on the beautiful countenance of Evelyn Gray, who, all unconscious of his earnest scrutiny, was giving some directions to the leader. Old man as I was, and many beautiful faces as I had seen during my forty years of theatrical life, none had ever impressed me as did that of Evelyn Gray. What wonder, then, that Oscar Rome, woman-hater though we had called him, should yield to the power of this woman's matchless loveliness? I wish I were gifted with a poet's power to describe her. Her tall, slender figure, full of grace, symmetry and harmony, would have realized a sculptor's dream; but it was her face that held one enthralled. It was essentially a tragic face, seeming to speak of some passionate sorrow bravely repressed, some wearying battle nobly won. A sad face, even when lighted by its own rare, dazzling smile. "This woman's love would be terrible in its passionate intensity," I found myself thinking, and as I watched the little drama going on behind the scenes, and realized that our womanless Oscar was conquered at last; while, if ever I saw love written on woman's face, it was stamped upon that of beautiful Evelyn Gray, although—and everyone noticed the fact—she strove hard to hide it, and avoided being thrown into Oscar's society by every means in her power. Many gentlemen sought an introduction to Miss Gray, but I was obliged to deny them, one and all: for it was her express desire that I should not allow her to be annoyed by them, and all their costly offerings of jewelry and diamonds were immediately returned to them. She would accept nothing but the floral tributes, which she seemed to consider mere acknowledgments of her merit as an artiste. A petit servant accompanied her always to and from the theatre, and I had heard her repeatedly refuse Oscar Rome's escort.

The time of her engagement drew to a close, and, although I offered her great inducements, I could not prevail upon her to remain with us longer. For the last week to a crowded house every evening, no matter how inclement the weather, every seat in the house was occupied. One night Miss Gray came to the theatre looking so white and changed that I was betrayed into an involuntary exclamation of astonishment when my eyes first fell upon her face:

"My God, Miss Gray! what is it? You are ill," I cried.

For a moment she did not answer, only her lovely brown eyes gazed straight into my own, with such a look of anguish in their luminous depths that words of sympathy and pity broke from my lips unaware, and I would have given much for a father's right to comfort her, this beautiful, fragile girl, whose lovely, tragic face told its own story of the heart's suffering. We were standing alone in her own dressing-room at the time, where I had gone to consult her on some little matter of business, and, greatly to my astonishment, she came close to me, and, clasping her hands upon my shoulder, dropped her face upon them, and wept unrestrainedly. As she clung to me thus, her slight form quivering like an aspen leaf, and great sobs breaking from her pretty lips, I thought of a fair-faced girl who had called me "father"—my pretty Effie, sleeping in her lonely grave—and, passing my arm around the trembling form of Evelyn Gray, I smoothed the waving masses of golden hair that fell on a shining shower over my breast, as I had so often caressed Effie's brown locks, and tried to comfort her.

"What is it, daughter? What can the old man do for you?" I asked gently, and at my words the fair face was uplifted, and the wistful, saddened eyes gazed pearlingly into my own.

"You are so kind, and I—I have no father to tell me what is right. Will you come home with me to-night and hear my story, and—and tell me what I should do?"

The words were broken and disconnected, and the lovely brown eyes shone on me through a mist of tears. I promised to come with her request, and advise and aid her as I would have done had she been my own precious daughter, and at this moment the callboy's cry: "All ready for the first act," prevented further conversation between us. I confessed to a little feeling of uneasiness, lest in her nervous and excited state she would not be able to do justice to her part; and as I was to play Mons. Duval, I was at liberty during the first two acts, and resolved to watch the performance. Accordingly, I ensconced myself behind the curtains of the stage-box, and awaited Camille's entrance in real anxiety. I need not have feared for her. She was no longer Evelyn Gray, but had lost her identity in that of Dumas' heroine, and a burst of applause, hearty and prolonged, greeted the entrance of the gay, reckless woman of the world, the beautiful Queen of the Camelias. I watched her face intently during her first scene with Armand, but she was still calm and self-possessed. My fears were groundless, and I had never had I seen Oscar Rome act as he did that night, his voice ringing out in the passionate fire of real love as he addressed her in Armand's words:

"Listen to the voice of one who truly loves you. Give me leave to find your heart, and teach it how to throb anew—to make it my shrine, my sanctuary, my home."

I noticed now that Evelyn's hand was pressed to her heart, and I knew that the words thrilled her as they had never done before; but she did not betray her agitation in any other manner; and when, at the end of the act, Armand led her before the curtain, she received the plaudits of the enthusiastic audience with the air of a young queen accepting the homage of her subjects. I could have repeated every line in the play, word for word, and yet I waited expectantly for the curtain to rise on the second act, and listened breathlessly for each syllable that fell from Camille's lips, so fearful was I that she would break down before the end of the play.

Everything went well, however, until near the end of the second act, when Armand again pleads his love and Camille attempts to send him from her, telling him the story of her ruined life and feeling herself all unworthy of him. Then I saw that Evelyn's self-control was fast deserting her. Her lips were white and tremulous, and her clear, young voice quivered with a pathos not altogether feigned. Suppressed sobs might be heard among the ladies in the audience, and gentlemen coughed and used their handkerchiefs vigorously; while I myself was conscious of a sensation of smothering, added to the fear that the poor child would fall. Once I rose to my feet in my excitement, for I had seen her form swaying like a reed in the wind, and I closed my eyes lest I should see her fall; but again the passionate voice rang out clear and thrilling:

"A poor, friendless, sickly girl, disgusted with the world, had dared to enter the abode of peace—the charmed circle of society. Whatever her history had been, long suffering had purified her thoughts—her heart was pure—she sinned no more. But society was outraged. With iron hand it flung her from its shore, and left her beaconless upon the sea where she is wrecked."

The words seemed to have taken a new meaning to-night, and a thought flashed through my brain—an awful, cruel thought. Could it be that beautiful Evelyn Gray was one of these unfortunates—one who had indeed been cast out of the society of pure women? I hated myself for the thought a moment after, while amidst the enthusiastic applause of the audience the curtain was raised for the second time on the picture—Camille in the embrace of Armand. I was obliged to go behind the scenes now, and the first person I met was Oscar Rome. I grasped his hand, saying:

"Well done, my boy. You will awaken some of these fine mornings to find yourself famous."

He scarcely seemed to hear me. His face was white and strange, and the hand I still retained was hot as fire.

"Go to her—to Miss Gray, old friend. She is ill. I fear she will not be able to get through the part," he said hurriedly, and the utter misery stamped on his face was pitiful to witness.

His words and manner filled me with alarm, and I hurried towards Miss Gray's dressing-room, closely followed by Rome. We found the lady—ready dressed for the third act—reclining on a couch, breathing heavily, with her hands pressed tightly over her heart, as though some fierce pain rankled there. The sight of her suffering was more than Oscar Rome could bear, and before I could divine his intention he had rushed past, and, throwing himself on his knees beside her, folded her in his embrace.

"Evelyn, Evelyn! O my darling! this is killing me. There is no barrier strong enough to keep asunder hearts that love like ours. Take back the cruel words you uttered last night. Evelyn, believe, when seven years of your past has been, you are the one woman of all on earth whom I love! Be my wife, Evelyn Gray, and in the peaceful quiet of our home your health will be restored—you will suffer no more from this painful disease of the heart. It is the excitement of this life that is killing you. Give me your promise, Evelyn, and make me happy."

For one moment the beautiful face of Evelyn Gray was fairly radiant, the pale cheeks crimsoned beneath Oscar's passionate kisses, and the lovely brown eyes shown with a strange, intense lustre. Then the music of the orchestra warned her that it was time to assume the role of Camille again—Camille, no longer the reckless woman of the world, but the happy mistress of her loved Armand.

"Let me go, Oscar; you know not what you ask. To-night, when the play is over, you shall come with me to my home, you and my dear old friend here. I will tell you then why I may never be your wife. Hush! do not task my strength further—I suffer tortures."

Her voice thrilled me. The involuntary pressure of her hand over her heart showed plainly where her pain was, and again I trembled lest she should fail before "the play was over." As usual, her entrance was greeted with applause, and the sound seemed to inspire her. She was Camille again, happy in Armand's love, recounting to her visitors the simple details of her enforced life, wearing her breast the simple spray of heartsease Armand's hand had gathered, in lieu of the camillas which had been the badges of her sovereignty in the gay world she had abandoned.

Then followed the scene with Monsieur Duval (myself); and I was not surprised at the enthusiasm of the audience during its progress, for never had I witnessed such acting during my forty years' experience. When she knelt at my feet, her hands clasped in agonized supplication, her bosom heaving with convulsive sobs, I seemed to read in the brown eyes uplifted to my face a confirmation of the suspicion that had dawned on me earlier in the evening, and I knew my voice was husky and tremulous when I repeated the lines:

"Would you have your husband stand upon your grave, ashamed to breathe the name of her who lies there?"

I noticed the shiver that ran through Evelyn's frame, and the involuntary pressure of her hand upon her heart; but she recovered herself quickly, and the strong fell at last amidst a storm of applause and calls for Camille to appear and bid forth by Armand. It was with a feeling of intense relief that I heard the curtain rung up on the last act, for I could see that Evelyn was suffering intense pain. Many of those in the audience who witnessed the play of "Camille" before wondered why the death scene ended so abruptly to night, and that the curtain fell upon a tableau group gathered around the couch of the heroine. Evelyn had given way before her last lines were spoken, and fell breathless into Oscar's arms. As usual, there was an enthusiastic call for Camille, and I was obliged to go before the curtain and announce that Miss Gray had been overcome by a sudden attack of illness, and was unable to respond to their kind ovation. Then I hurried back to her, and found Oscar Rome nearly wild with fear; for Miss Gray was insensible, and something in the expression of her face, the blue circle around her mouth and under her beautiful eyes, told plainly that this was no common swoon.

A doctor was hastily summoned, but Evelyn had recovered consciousness by the time he came. On first awakening she appeared to think she was still before the audience, for her low voice rang out in Camille's dying words:

"All the pain is gone! Is this life? Now everything appears to change. Oh, how beautiful! Do not wake me—I am so sleepy."

I carried her in my own arms to her dressing-room, and laid her on the couch, dismissing the other members of the company, who would fain have lingered—all except Oscar Rome. The doctor arrived, but gave us no hope. Evelyn had suffered for years from a painful disease of the heart, for which there was no cure, and now some intense strain on the nerves had only hastened the end. The doctor had called me aside to communicate these startling tidings; but, low as his words were spoken, Evelyn heard them, and a glorious smile broke over her perfect face, as if she rejoiced that the fiat had gone forth, and that the "play was over."

"Let the doctor go

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

OUR TRAINED ELEPHANTS.

You may possibly have entertained the delusion that the value of an elephant depends on his bigness. Such an idea is absurdly erroneous. Just as a Blue Point oyster is more highly prized than a Rockaway, so a small elephant—provided always that he is sufficiently small—is of greater value than a big elephant—if he is not too big. If anybody owned an elephant that weighed, say five pounds, he could easily make a fortune by exhibiting him. The two animals which we have secured, and which are herewith presented to your notice, weigh considerably more than five pounds, but they are, nevertheless, "baby elephants," and rare specimens of their kind. They are exceedingly intelligent and are under the perfect control of Moses. You will perceive Moses in the engraving. He is also a rare specimen of *his* kind. When the little elephants were first placed under his charge they evinced a disposition to be refractory, but by his patience and perseverance they were brought to terms. Now they can eat with their trunks, walk on their four feet, sleep with their eyes shut, and do a great many other amusing feats. They have displayed a strong affection for Moses. They will take apples from his hand and sometimes from his pocket, and they walk over him, when without treading on his body—although truth compels us to add that they sometimes tread on his coat. They are, altogether, intelligent and kind-hearted elephants, and, so long as nobody feeds them soap, they never lose their tempers. We would not care to be responsible for the result if a small boy gave them soap.

WHEN WE BUCKLE DOWN TO BIZ.

DEDICATED TO YALE AND DECKER, BY CHARLEY BRICKWOOD.

Oh, here we are, as black as tar, two
gay and festive nigs;
We raise an awful racket with our
breakdowns and our jigs;
Many things are doubtful, but one
thing certain is—
Something's got to come when we
buckle down to biz.
Chorus.
HE.—Gloriation, goodness! I feel as
if I'd bust.
SHE.—Let me throw myself about or
I shall go to rust.
HE.—My name is Active Ibraham,
SHE.—While mine is Lively Liz.
BOTH.—We make the whole world
tremble when we buckle down to
biz.
Down on the old plantation, afore the
great big war,
We used to work for massa, in the
State of Arkansaw;
But when the war was over, and the
darkies were set free,
We packed our collar-boxes, the wide
world for to see.
Chorus.—Gloriation, goodness, etc.
We never have a trouble to mar our
happy lite,
But sing and dance our way along
without a word of strife;
We've worked so long together that
we never make a "fiz";
Something's bound to come when we
buckle down to biz.
Chorus.—Gloriation, goodness, etc.
Haverhill, Mass.

TWO COMEDIES WHICH WERE FRESH IN 1845.

"Old Heads and Young Hearts" was first acted in the Park Theatre, New York, Jan. 6, 1845, and "Used Up" received its first representation in America at that theatre, for W. H. Crisp's benefit, Jan. 9. Attention is directed to the manner in which Mr. Boucicault's name is spelled in the bill. Mr. Hillyard, the scenic artist, died here April 15, 1873; Thomas Blades De Walden, who had made his American debut Sept. 30, 1844, died in this city Aug. 21, 1873. John Dyott, who had also made his first appearance in America at the commencement of this season, Sept. 2, 1844, died in New Rochelle, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1876; John A. Fisher shuffled off the mortal coil in this city in July, 1847; W. H. Crisp died in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 1, 1874; Thomas Barry departed this life in Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, 1876; William Chippendale still pursues his profession in England; George Skerrett, who had made his American debut Sept. 14, 1844, died in this city Aug. 21, 1873. John Barry, the brother of Thomas Barry, died in this city Feb. 20, 1854; Miss Clara Ellis, who made her American debut at the beginning of this season, Sept. 2, 1844, returned to England and died there in 1850; Mrs. Abbott died in Chester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1858; John Crocker died in Galveston, Texas, Oct. 9, 1853; John Povey died in London, Eng., May 2, 1867; Mrs. John Dyott died in New Rochelle, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1876; Mrs. Skerrett occasionally appears before the public; and David Anderson is in retirement in San Francisco. Of the opera troupe which was established in the city, Mr. Seguin died here Dec. 13, 1852; A. Andrews is probably dead, as Frazer certainly is; Sidney Pearson is in retirement in this city; Mrs. Knight died in London, Eng., in Oct., 1861.

PARK THEATRE.

Boxes, first tier, 75c.; boxes, second and third tiers, 50c.; pit, 25c.; 2c.

TWO NEW COMEDIES ON THE SAME EVENING.

Fifth night of

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS,

by the author of "London Assurance," and third night of

USED UP.

Both playing at the Haymarket Theatre, London, to crowed houses with the most distinguished success, and received here with the strongest marks of approbation.

Doors open at half-past 6. The performance will commence precisely at 7 o'clock.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 11, 1845,

will be performed (5th time) a new comedy in 3 acts entitled

OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS,

by Dion Borsicault, author of "London Assurance," "West End," etc.

The new scenery.....	by.....Mr. Hillyard
Costumes and decorations.....	by.....Mr. Dejonge
Machinery.....	by.....Mr. Speyers
The Earl of Pompion, Secretary of State for the Home Department.....	.....Mr. De Walden
Lord Charles Roebuck, his son.....	.....Dyott
Colonel Rocket, H. E. I. C. S.....	.....Fisher
Littleton Coke, barrister-at-law.....	.....W. H. Crisp
Tom Coke, M. P.....	.....Barry
Jesse Rural, a clergyman.....	.....Chippendale
Bob.....	.....Mr. Skerrett Snipe..... Anderson
Russell.....	.....Gallot Butler..... King

The Countess of Pompion.....	.....Mrs. Barry
Lady Alice Hawthorn.....	.....Miss Clara Ellis
Miss Kate Rocket.....	.....Mrs. Abbott

To conclude with (third time in America) the new comedy of

USED UP.

as written for Mr. Charles Mathews, and played by him upwards of three hundred nights with unprecedented success.

Sir Charles Coldstream.....	Farmer.....Anderson
	Mr. W. H. Crisp Lattitat.....Freeland
Sir Adonis Leech..DeWalden	Officers..Heath and Gourlay
Hon. Tom Saville.....Crocker	Boy.....Master King
John Ironbrace.....Barry	Lady Clutterbuck..Mrs. Dyott
Brisk.....Povey	Mary.....Mrs. Skerrett

MONDAY, first night of the engagement of MRS SEGUIN, MR. FRAZER, AND MR. SEGUIN, will be performed, for the eighteenth time, the new grand opera of

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

played upwards of one hundred nights in London to crowded houses with brilliant success, and produced in nine new scenes, costumes, machinery, decorations and appointments, a full chorus, increased orchestra and ballet.

Thaddeus (a prisoner) Polti.....Mr. Seguin
Devilshoof (Chief of the Gipsy tribe).....Mr. Seguin
Count Arnheim (Governor of Presburg).....Mr. Andrews
Florestine (his nephew).....S. Pierson
Arline (the Count's daughter, in 2d and 3d acts).Mrs. Seguin
Buda (her attendant).....Mrs. Dyott
Queen of the Gipsies.....Mrs. Knight
Principal Dancers, Mons. Martin and Miss Julia Turnbull

UNDER THE ARCH IN THE PARK.

DEDICATED TO MISS JENNIE MORGAN.

WORDS BY W. E. McNULTY. MUSIC BY GEO. VON KAMEKE.

[COPYRIGHTED.]

Under the arch in the Park
We were delightfully dreaming,
Sweet was the song of the lark,
Sunbeams around us were streaming.
He sat with his hand clasped in mine—
My heart how I longed to unmask it,
Glad to have said: "It is thine,"
Had he the courage to ask it.
Chorus.
Birds of the air, joyous and fair,
Singing from dawn until dark,
Were you asleep, or did you just peep
Under the arch in the Park?

Under the arch in the Park
Shadows around us were falling,
Hushed was the song of the lark,
Only the birds were still calling;
He whispered in tenderest strains,
But his love, ah! he dared not reveal it;
As sweet love soothed all his pains—
Had he the courage to steal it.
Chorus.
Birds of the air, joyous and fair,
Singing from dawn until dark,
Were you asleep, or did you just peep
Under the arch in the Park?

Under the arch in the Park
Moonlight around us was shining;
He timidly made the remark:
"Oh! for a heart I am pining:
You might give me yours, love," he said;
"I promise you never to break it."
I blushed and I hung down my head—
Then he mustered up courage to take it.
Chorus.
Birds of the air, joyous and fair,
Singing from dawn until dark,
Were you asleep, or did you just peep
Under the arch in the Park?

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1877.

THE OLD WAY OF DOING IT.

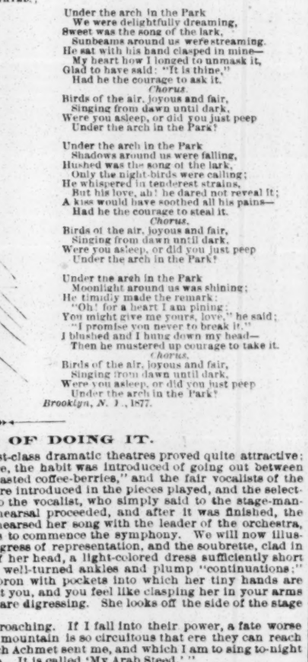
Some years ago singing between the pieces in first-class dramatic theatres proved quite attractive; but soon, among the male members of the audience, the habit was introduced of going out between the pieces "to drink" to sample some roasted coffee-berries," and the fair vocalists of the period took umbrage thereat. Thereafter songs were introduced in the pieces played, and the selection of the proper opportunity was generally left to the vocalist, who simply said to the stage-manager: "I will introduce a song here," and the rehearsal proceeded, and after it was finished, the vocalist, generally the soubrette, remained and rehearsed her song with the leader of the orchestra, and gave him the cue by which he knew when to commence the symphony. We will now illustrate this. The play, a lurid melodrama, is in progress of representation, and the soubrette, clad in a bewitching little cap set jauntily upon one side of her head, a light-colored dress sufficiently short to display brightly colored clocked hose covering well-turned ankles and plump "continuations:" neat little slippers with red heels, and a white apron with pockets into which her hands will be thrust at intervals, now enters the stage. She looks shyly at you, and you feel like clasping her in your arms and imprinting upon those pouting lips—but we are digressing. She looks off the side of the stage and then speaks:

"Ah! Black Ulrich and his demon horde are approaching. If I fall into their power, a fate worse than death awaits me. Yet, stay; the ascent of the mountain is so circuitous that ere they can reach me I shall have time to rehearse that new song which Achmet sent me, and which I am to sing to-night before Lord Slenderlegs and his guests at the Castle. It is called 'My Arab Steed.'"

"My Arab Steed" is the music cue which had been agreed upon by the leader and the soubrette at the rehearsal in the morning; but the leader of the orchestra, overcome with emotion—and beer—does not hear it, whereupon the soubrette remarks: "As I *said before*, I will try my song entitled THE ARAB'S STEED!" The leader quickly grabs his violin, and, waking up the musicians, the symphony is played, and the soubrette sings that once highly popular song commencing "Oh, give me back my Arab steed," and at its conclusion she trips lightly off right-first-entrance. The uninitiated might expect that Ulrich and his demon horde would now enter—not a bit of it. The black-bearded and much-bedizened Ulrich off the stage is the soubrette's sweetheart, and, although he is standing in the left-first-entrance, he knows his "little biz," and will not enter until the encore has been responded to. The loud applause summons the soubrette, who, wreathed in smiles, trips lightly to the front, and repeats her song. Immediately after her exit, Black Ulrich and his band (of supers) enter, and the play proceeds.

TITLES.—A BANJO SOLO.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. ED. FRENCH BY HARRY BENNETT.



There are many curious titles
For the ballads of the day,
Such as "Kiss me once, dear mother,"
"Little Tommy's gone astray;"
But I've found some new and sparkling,
Which I'll warble while I'm here;
They are full of grief and pathos,
And may draw a silent tear.
Chorus.—Now prepare to hear me carol;
It will cause your hearts to throb;
I will churp slowly, softly—
Do not be ashamed to sob.

"Papa's chest-protector's faded,"
"Throwing freckles at the breeze;"
"He had seltzer on his ulster,"
"Let me sniff the fragrant cheese."
"Little Willie's tombstone's mortgaged,"
"Sister's gum is in the hash,"
"He had pimples on his duster,"
"Let me hear the lightning dash."
Chorus.—Now prepare, etc.

"There's a prize in every doughnut,"
"Come and loan upon the oysters;"
"Do not sniff on Eva's chignon,"
"Throwing turkeys for the dice."
"Papa's hair is getting mouldy;"
"When the dew is on the lake."
"Give my last year's clothes to brother,"
"When I'm chilly let me shake."
Chorus.—Now prepare, etc.

"Who has spit in auntie's slipper?"
"Darling Kitty's hair's decayed,"
"Let me hear that sweet hand-organ,"
"Oozing sunshine in the shade."
"When I'm bathing in the treetops,"
"Sprinkling ginger on the sea,"
"Papa, will you leave off booting?"
"Save one little club for me."
Chorus.—Now prepare, etc.

"Let me die among the oysters;"
"There are scars upon his hair;"
"Writing monograms in lager;"
"Do not harm the grizzly bear."
Rotterdam, Holland, Oct. 26, 1877.

"What is home without a doorknob?"
"When thy nose begins to blush,"
"Soothing bedbugs in the moonlight,"
"Bury me beneath the slush."
Chorus.—Now prepare, etc.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XLIV.

AMONG THE OLD CIRCUS PEOPLE.

George A. Fair of New Carlisle, Ind., contributes the bill copied below. It will be seen that it contains the cast and a synopsis of one of the many spectacles that conferred world-wide fame upon Astley's, London:

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE OF ARTS.
Mr. Batty, Sole Proprietor.
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1843,

and during the week, the curtain will rise with, for the seventh time, a new chivalric, dramatic and equestrian spectacle of history and fiction, in which the whole combined forces of this national establishment will be brought into requisition on a scale of unexampled grandeur, with new scenery, splendid costumes, trained steeds, etc., in three acts, entitled

THE CONQUEST OF GRENADA, OR THE STEED OF THE SILVER STAR, AND LAST STRUGGLES OF THE MOORS.

adapted from Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's highly popular work of "Leila, or the Siege of Grenada," by Mr. G. Almar, and the whole of the spectacle arranged and produced by Mr. W. D. Broadfoot. The music, entirely new, composed and arranged by Mr. J. M. Jolly. The splendid scenery by Messrs. W. Battle, G. Neville, and assistants. Properties, banners, and armor by Mr. Morris and assistants. Gorgeous costumes of the knights and Moors by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Extensive machinery by Mr. Evans. Dances by Sig. Milano and Mlle. Cushnie.

MOORS.

Boabdil el Chico el Zogoybi, surnamed the Unlucky, the last King of Grenada.....Mr. Harwood
Muza Ben Abil Gazan, the hero of Grenada,
Mr. W. D. Broadfooot
Almac, the Zegris chief.....Mr. S. Smith
Almanem, a Jew, styled the Santon or Enchanter,
Mr. Henry Howard
Xeimem, an aged Hebrew.....Mr. A. Y. Broadfoot
Elias and Jonah, Jews.....Messrs. J. George and Carlo
Zegris tribe.....Messrs. Nunn, Baker, Steward, Pietro, etc.
Pacheco, a tailor, half Spanish, half Moor.Mr. Robt. Power.
Banjo, a black slave, in love with Shirene and his banjo.....Mr. T. Harry
The Skeleton King of Grenada.....Mr. McDonald
Leila, the Jewish maiden, in love with Muza,
Miss Adelaide Cooke
Her seventh appearance here.
—Xyra-la-Harra, the Queen Mother.....Mrs. Campbell
Shinirene, a Moorish girl.....Mrs. R. Power
Lena.....Miss Usher
Moorish dancers.....Sig. Milano and Mlle. Cushnie

SPANIARDS.

Ferdinand, King of Arragon.....Mr. G. Almar
Tomaso, the monk and inquisitor.....Mr. E. Gray
Sir Hernando.....Mr. R. Smith
Ponce de Leon.....Mr. Widdicomb
Marquis de Villen.....Mr. Massotta
Marquis Alonso.....Mr. Barnett
Gondez.....Mr. Sanders
Sir Antonio.....Mons. Tourinaire
Isabel, Queen of Castille.....Mrs. Cooke
Dames of Spain....Madame Annette, Mlle. Bertha, Mesdames Walker, Taylor, Mason, etc.

The introduction to the spectacle will embody the most striking incidents of the period of the invasion of Spain by the armies of Ferdinand and Isabel; Mountain barrier of the Vega; Ambush of the wild Zegris tribe and their wild steeds of the desert; the Warrior; the Enchanter; the Moslem's steed Silver Star; approach of the Spanish knights and their richly accoutred steeds of Andalusia; entree of Ferdinand and Isabel in her royal mule chariot, drawn by four real white mules of Cordova.

The Ambush—the Strife—The Encounter—Zacatin, or market place—Moriscan Villa by Moonlight—The Moslem's steed's Escape and Escape, leading to a gorgeous scene displaying the last home of the Moorish Kings, the Palace of the Alhambra.

Boabdil Chico the Irresolute—Dance of Eastern peris, principal dancers Mlle. Cushnie and Sig. Milano—Ballet and Feast of Lanterns—Appearance of the Skeleton King —Boabdil's Dream—The Vision, in three tableaux—The prison—The harem—The destruction of the city—Entry of the wild Ethiopian guard—Review of the Moors and Saracens' hosts and force—The signal-fire and the Moslem Champion's pledge—The Hebrew's abode—Elevation of the steed of the Silver Star—Rich encampment of the Christian army and royal tents of Ferdinand and Isabel—Repose of the troops of Arragon—Warriors of Castille in rich brass attire—War monks of the Inquisition—Knights of the festive board—Castinet-girls of Seville in their Spanish national dances, with the addition of Madrid and their palfreys of grace—Assemblage of the army—Blessing the Banner of the Cross, and gorgeous and extensive tableaux of chivalry, beauty and war—The city of Grenada.

Attack on the Alhambra—Massacre of the Jews—The Hebrew's oath—Peril of Leila—The Moriscan tower in flames—Terrific leap of the steed of the Silver Star over the burning ruins—Flight of the Arab cavalry—Charge of the Spaniards, with horse, cannon, etc.—Capture of the Moorish queen—Triumph of Ferdinand and last sigh of the Moor—Overthrow of the Moorish dynasty, and last days of the Moors in Spain—Concluding the gorgeous chivalric picture in a varied and magnificent display, combining all the splendor of this establishment with all its equestrian forces and the aid of the most celebrated artists in the construction of this magnificent spectacle.

To be followed by the last six nights of the celebrated French rope-dancers

THE CHIARINI FAMILY

in their extraordinary performances. Succeeded by new and splendid

SCENES IN THE CIRCLE.

MASTER JOHN POWELL and LE PETITE ISABELLE, on two horses, in a characteristic delineation, as the Russian peasants.

First time in this splendid series of characters on horseback, unrivaled for point, humor and novelty, adapted to the circle, and performed by Mr. Moseley, from the popular novel of "Pickwick," by "Boz." On this occasion Mr. M. will personate some of the principal characters, as

OLD WELLER THE PRINCE OF WHIPS,

concluding with a performance of the AERIAL PUCK,

THE BENEVOLENT AND BUSTLING MR. PICKWICK, MR. SAM WELLER,

concluding with a representation of the AERIAL PUCK, in his extraordinary training, as

APOLLO AND HIS MUSIC-FOOTED STEED OF GRACE.

SIGNOR FELIX CARLO, the great Italian antipodean professor, for the first time, in his wonderful evolutions as the EQUESTRIC SPHINX OF THE NILE.

MONS. LOUIS TOURINAIRE, with a number of steeds, will continue his unequaled feats of horsemanship, including his unrivaled act of standing on 4 of his horses, as the FRENCH COURIER OF MARSEILLES.

Clowns—Messrs. T. BARRY, TWIST, and Sig. FELIX CARLO.

Director of the equestrian arrangements and conductor of the circle.....MR. R. SMITH
Riding-master.....Messrs. SMITH and MR. R. SMITH
Master of the horse.....MR. BARNETT

The performances will conclude with the interesting allegorical

THE PASS OF THE TORZA, OR THE HUNGARIANS' STRUGGLE.

Count Tekeli.....Mr. Howard	Maurice.....Mr. Smith
Sir Hernando.....Mr. R. Smith	Isabel, the miller's daughter.Mrs. Grist
Count Caraffa.....Mr. Almar	Isidor.....Mr. Power
Edmund, his lieutenant,	Dragons..Messrs. Salders
Mr. Broadfoot	and Donald
Bras De Fer.....Mr. Barry	Christine.....Mrs. Harwood

PRICES OF ADMISSION—Stalls, 5s.; dress-circle, 4s.; upper boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; upper gallery, 6d. Children half-price to all parts of the house (the upper gallery excepted). Second price at half-past eight, as usual. Doors will be opened at half-past five o'clock. Performances to commence, as formerly, at half-past six. The box-office open from 10 till 4, for securing seats in the dress-circle, stalls, and taking private boxes, 18 of which are now nightly taken by Mr. Sweeper, Mr. Honner. Private boxes, £2 2s.; half-price, £1 1s. Stage boxes, £1 1s.; half-price, 10s. 6d. The School of Tuition in the art of riding, managing and breaking the horse for field or road will be attended by Mr. Smith. No fees to box-keepers.

The Mons. Louis "Tourinaire," who, as the "French Courier of Marseilles," managed so many flying-horses, was doubtless Mons. Tourinaire, father of Louise Brewne, so thoroughly known as a "manege-rider," and grandfather of little Mollie Browne, who promises to become as widely known as her mother for her equestrianism. The old gentleman still lives, we believe. Another old gentleman now, but comparatively young when the foregoing bill was printed, is Felix Carlo, the trick-clown, whom so many New-Yorkers will remember as one of the "stars" at the old Bowery Amphitheatre in this city, in the days of Welch's Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, were *the* circus-arenas of the Western Hemisphere. The Chiarini Family were doubtless of the same stock that Chiarini party among us at the time that Francomi & Hippodrome was organized in this city on the ground now occupied by the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and who have since done so much towards fostering the circus in Cuba. Thomas Moseley can scarcely be living yet. He was a noted scenerider, and traveled in this country for two or three seasons, returning to England about 1846. Among those who represented the Zegris tribe were Pietro and Steward. These two, if we mistake not, were Pietro and Stewart, of the Hungarian Brothers, acrobatic pantomimists, who for years performed by the Ravels about 1849. This Stewart, who died in Ohio, was the husband of the actress, since dead, who was professionally known in Cincinnati for many years as Miss Stevens. Alfred Stewart, one of the old Circus troupe of juveniles, and later a prodigy at the Chatham Theatre, this city, was her son. He died a few years ago; but Harry Stewart, another son, still follows the dramatic profession. Henry Howard played the rôle of a prompter's call boy in 1852, and certainly in "The Cataract of the Ganges" when it was produced there in the Winter of 1853-4. His wife, who was also here, was reputed to be a sister of Miss Laura Addison. Massotta, cast as the Jewish Sir Villen, was known as "The Daredevil Rider," and was noted for leaping from his horse, backward and forward and from side to side, while the animal was at full speed. He had come from Franconi's Hippodrome, Paris, and made his first appearance in England about 1842. The Astley's ballet in 1843 was so prolific in England that it is useless to attempt to place the Queen Isabel of the bill, who might have been either the mother or one of the many aunts of the Miss Adelaide Cooke who played Lola. Miss Adelaide Cooke, who still became ringmaster at Astley's for thirty-four years, has been dead for two-thirds of that time. Mr. and Mrs. R. Power were actors there for many a year, and have probably long been gathered to their fathers. Mr. M. Jolly, the leader of music or, who was then mounting towards sixty years of age, has been dead since about 1863. William D. Broadfoot is also dead. He was the brother-in-law of the great Ducrow, was long at Astley's, and later was manager of the circus at Boston, Mass. One of the many practical jokes of which William D. Wallett, a clown known as well in this country as in England, has been the perpetrator was at the expense of broadfoot while the latter, in 1848, was managing the late Palo Fanque's Circus. During rehearsal a cannon-ball was thrown at Broadfoot, who, enraged, offered a reward of two pounds for information as to the party who had thrown it. The punishment for practical joking at rehearsals was a fine of ten shillings. Wallett acknowledged that he had thrown the ball, claimed the reward of two pounds, received it, paid his fine, and spent his clear gain of thirty shillings upon a generous supper shared with three of his fellow-performers. It was this same irritable Broadfoot who at Astley's roused the ire of our own Dan Emmett the banjo-player. Dan says that he was annoyed by him in every way. Broadfoot would not even permit him to tune his banjo in the same room with him. One day Dan, insultingly asked Dan: "Can you play the 104th Psalm?" "Yes!" was the ready answer. "My daddy played it for yours in 1812. If I mistake not, it goes like this." And the banjoist thrummed "Yankee Doodle." Widdicomb, R. Smith, and William Broadfoot grew gray in the arena, but this venerable bill contains no more noted name than that of one who died in the prime of life—Thomas Barry. This was his first season as chief clown at Astley's, and he continued there until about 1847, when he retired in high dudgeon and opened a public-house near that establishment. He was at Astley's again in 1851-2, and in fact had reappeared there so early as the Fall of 1849, after his return from the United States. In all likelihood his name will be met with in future reviews of old bills. Lest he be confounded with another Barry, also an English clown, who is well known to the modern circus-goers of America, it should be added that *the* Barry has been dead upwards of twenty years. John Milano, the noted dancer, has also glided from among the living. So has Therese Cushnie, who was Milano's first wife. She had a sister (Annie) who was also a dancer.

ANOTHER MALE ION.

The far-off Pacific coast is now heard from as to an ion in breeches; but from no quarter comes the slightest inkling as to Macready's having attempted in this country to duplicate his London triumph in that role. We desire to insert, then, in self-defense, that many a male *amateur* has played Ion in this country. For such we are not searching.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Nov. 18, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, and noting an article in this week's issue headed "Ion in Panto," I beg leave to inform you that I personally witnessed a representation of "Ion" in Jackson City, Cal., in July, 1876, in which a Mr. E. Fosteman, now playing in a San Francisco variety theatre, impersonated the title-role, and a Miss Howard played Clemanthe. The remainder of the cast I have forgotten.

Yours respectfully, JOHN H. GOODWIN.

BASEBALL.

THE CHAMPIONS OF 1878.

The Boston Club and their work since 1871.

A Brief History of the Pennant Campaigns.

The Boston Club closed play for the season of 1877 last week, and it is now in order to give their record and their club statistics for the past season. In doing this, a brief glance at their past career since 1871—the year they first began play—will be of interest to baseball readers, as it really tells the main part of the professional championship story since the organization of the first professional National Association, in the Spring of 1871.

The Boston Club sprung into existence after the defeat of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1870, by the newly-organized Chicago White Stockings, which club was placed in the field purposely to defeat their Red Stocking rivals—a task they accomplished, as they won two out of the three games which then formed the championship series. The Atlantic nine, it will be remembered, first broke in upon the previously uninterrupted career of success which had attended the Red Stockings from May, 1869, to June, 1870; and it was after the well-known defeat of the Reds at Brooklyn by 8 to 7, in an eleven-inning game, that the Chicago Whites were enabled to defeat the Reds, not only in Chicago, but also in Cincinnati. This loss of prestige rather cooled the ardor of the Cincinnati people, and during an interim of fault-finding Harry Wright accepted an offer to manage a new club team in Boston, and he organized the now famous Boston Red Stockings in the Spring of 1871. They began with a new team, and it was thought that the committee who had the matter of awarding the pennant in hand would have declared them champions during their first campaign. As it was, the award was made in favor of the Athletics of Philadelphia, their record of games won and lost being 22 and 7 to the Bostons 22 and 10, and the Chicago Club's 20 and 9. The champion nine of 1871 included the following players: Malone, catcher; McBride, pitcher; Fisler, first-baseman; Reach, second-baseman; Meyerle, third-baseman; Radcliffe, short-stop; Cuthbert, left-fielder; Sensederfer, centre-fielder; Huebell, right-fielder, with Tom Pratt and Bechtel as assistants. In 1872 the Boston Club won the pennant by a score of won and lost games of 39 and 8 to the Baltimore's 34 and 19 and the Mutuals' 34 and 20. The champion team of that year included McVey, catcher; Spalding, pitcher; Gould, first-baseman; Barnes, second-baseman; Shaffer, third-baseman; George Wright, short-stop; Leonard, left-fielder; Harry Wright, centre-fielder; and Pierce, right-fielder, with Birdsall as assistant. In 1873 the Bostons' won and lost games were 42 and 16 to the Philadelphia's 36 and 17 and the Baltimore's 33 and 22. The champion nine for the year were Jas. White, catcher; Spalding, pitcher; Manning, first-baseman; Barnes, second-baseman; Shaffer, third-baseman; George Wright, short-stop; Leonard, left-fielder; H. Wright, centre-fielder; and Sweasy, right-fielder, with Birdsall as assistant. In 1874 the Bostons' victories and defeats were 52 and 18, against the Mutuals' 42 and 28 and the Athletics' 33 and 23. The champion team included the same players as before, viz., White, Spalding, Barnes, Shaffer, George Wright, Leonard, Harry Wright and McVey in their regular positions, with O'Rourke at first base and George Hall and Thomas Beals as assistants. In 1875 the Bostons' victories and defeats were 71 and 8—the best record ever made—against 54 and 28 by the Hartfords and 52 and 29 by the Athletics. The team consisted of White, catcher; Spalding, pitcher; McVey, first-baseman; Barnes, second-baseman; Shaffer, third-baseman; George Wright, short-stop; Leonard, left-fielder; O'Rourke, centre-fielder; and Manning, right-fielder, with Beals as assistant. In 1876 the Chicago nine won the pennant by a score of won and lost games of 52 and 14 to the Hartfords' 47 and 21, and the St. Louis' 43 and 19. The champion team of that year consisted of White, catcher; Spalding, pitcher; McVey, first-baseman; Barnes, second-baseman; Anson, third-baseman; Peters, short-stop; Glenn, left-fielder; Hines, centre-fielder; and Addy, right-fielder, with Waite as assistant. In 1877 the Bostons regained their lost laurels, and they will fly the pennant as champions during the season of 1878. It will be seen that White and Spalding caught and pitched for the champion nine for five successive years, Barnes also playing at second base during the same period. In 1877 they won 31 of victories and defeats of 31 and 17 against the Louisville's 28 and 20, and the Hartford's 24 and 24. The champion team of 1877 was Brown, catcher; Bond, pitcher; White, first-baseman; George Wright, second-baseman; Morrill, third-baseman; Sutton, short-stop; Leonard, left-fielder; O'Rourke, centre-fielder; and Murnan, right-fielder, with Shaffer and W. White assistants.

The career of the Bostons during the past season has been somewhat chequered. They met with more misfortune than did their nine in 1876, but they did not play up to the high mark of their teams of 1874 and 1875. It was still somewhat of an experimental year with them, but not, of course, to the extent it was in 1876. By better discipline, and working together better as a whole than any of their competitors right through the season, they managed to rally well for victory towards the close, and to win the pennant. For the first time in their club history they were obliged to resort to outside club teams to play games which rather surprised them, the record of their defeats outside the League arena being as follows:

June 25, Lowell vs. Boston, at Lowell	7 to 6
Sept. 22, Lowell vs. Boston, at Lowell	5 3
Sept. 22, Lowell vs. Boston, at Lowell	6 5
Oct. 5, Lowell vs. Boston, at Boston	13 11
Oct. 30, Lowell vs. Boston, at Boston	5 5
Nov. 7, Lowell vs. Boston, at Lowell (11 innings)	9 8
Totals	52 35
July 2, Star vs. Boston, at Syracuse	2 0
June 9, Hartford vs. Boston, at Hartford	7 0
June 12, Hartford vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	7 0
June 26, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	4 2
Aug. 10, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	4 2
Aug. 11, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston	7 4
Totals	31 8

The batting-game when he was in a humor and physical condition; but it happened rather often that he was not only not in good physical condition, but also was in one of his moody, obstinate fits, at which times he failed to play up to his best mark. Hence, as a general thing, Hardie Spalding, with his earnest, hard-working style, frequently outplayed his more brilliant confrere.

Snyder of the Louisville Club did some unprecedentedly fine work behind the bat, especially in September, he playing several games in succession without an error—a surprising feat for one who had to face such a "pacer" as he had for a pitcher. Snyder is a worker, active, plucky and enduring, a fine catcher for a pitcher to get into working familiarity with season after season; and there is more in this self-same working-together than seems to be dreamt of in the baseball philosophy of some club directors and managers, judging from the way they select pitchers and catchers who are new to each other. What made White and Spalding so effective together but their familiarity with each other's peculiar points of play in their respective positions? It was so with Bradley and poor young Miller in 1874. It is in this that Harry Wright has shown his sound judgment in keeping Brown and Bond in their positions for 1878. Brown is another of the trump catchers of the season, and, like Jim White, he possesses a quiet tongue. It is seldom or ever that any "chin music" is heard from Brown—never from White—not only because that kind of thing is not in accordance with the "Boston plan" of what a catcher's play should be, but because he is naturally rather reticent. He faced Bond's hot music the past season in the pluckiest manner possible. If Bradley had been such a catcher, the "Eagle" would never have pounded the Whites as they did. The failure of the season behind the bat was McVey. The latter's home position is at first base, or as a good change-pitcher. Now and then he may do as a change behind the bat for a few innings, but his hands will not stand the test of continuous service in facing swift curved-pitching. His partner in catching—Anson—is only a change-catcher; it is not likely that he will ever reach the necessary point of excellence as a regular man in the position. Both these catchers are too prone to that demoralizing habit of indulging in "talk." White is a model of a catcher in this respect, and a catcher every umpire likes to stand near, while Anson, McVey, Hicks, Higham, *et al.*, are the dread of umpires. In fact, the wonder is not that umpires do no better than they do, but that they do their work half as well, considering the confusing and irritating questions for judgment, insulting comments on their decisions, and the constant fire of remonstrance they are subjected to by this class of catchers and players generally.

A peculiar habit all the catchers had last season of invariably going up close behind the bat after two strikes were called was half the time a useless one, resulting only in the loss of chances for long foul-bound tips and high foul balls. Of course, when any men are running bases close play behind the bat is essential; but we refer to catchers going up close to the bat when there are no bases occupied by runners.

The most prominent League catchers of 1877 were Allison, Snyder, Brown, Clapp and Harbidge. Hicks did not play long, he not being in a physical condition, owing to his lame leg. Hastings, too, was a brief sojourner in the Cincinnati Club, and Miller we never saw. White played but few games in the Boston nine as catcher; and Crowley did very little work behind the bat in the Louisville nine, he being very serviceable in another position. Dorgan we saw play in one game, and we were not forcibly struck with his style of catching. Outside the League some splendid work was done behind the bat, especially by Flint, whom we are inclined to think bore off the palm in the position in 1877, he having the hardest kind of fielding to attend to. Allison played as a fair change-catcher, and that was all. He plays the position about as well as he does that of any in the field. We have an idea that he would do his best at second base; but he is certainly not up to the mark of a regular catcher. Among the outside catchers whom we saw play was Hotaling of the Star nine, and his play showed him to be A No. 1.

THE TURF.

THE PIPER HEIDSICK-HIGGINS MATCH INVESTIGATED.

In the issue of THE CLIPPER of Nov. 3 we published an account of a running match between W. Drennan's c. c. Piper Heidsick (formerly called Auburn) and George Longstaff's b. c. W. I. Higgins, which took place on the last day of the October meeting at the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park. This match was for the alleged stake of $500 a side, dash of one mile, each carrying, as a three-year-old, 110lb., Higgins proving the winner by a short head only. The betting on the course was slightly in favor of Piper Heidsick; but, in consequence of the bookmakers' suspicions being aroused that the race was not "on the square," they would not bet heavily on the race. At the pool-rooms at Hoboken, which then were in full blast, speculation was very heavy; the owner of Piper Heidsick having telegraphed from the track to Messrs. Kelly & Bliss, the poolsellers, to invest $1,000 on his horse on his account, and the execution of this commission made Piper Heidsick the favorite at $100 to $40, and even shorter odds. After the race, Drennan repudiated his commission to Kelly & Bliss, and sued Charles Wheatley, the secretary of the Jockey Club, for the $1,000 stake money, which that official had paid over to Mr. Longstaff, owner of the winner, immediately after the race. Drennan claimed that the race was a prearranged affair between himself and Longstaff, in which Piper Heidsick was to be allowed to win, and the two were to divide equally all the money that could be won in the pool-box from the unsuspecting backers of Higgins, the stake-money being only a "blind" for the Jockey Club, who, of course, would not have allowed the match to be run over their track unless they believed that the race was a *bona fide* one. He declared that Longstaff had broken faith with him by allowing his horse Higgins to win, when the understanding was that he was to lose. In his pulled Justification, Longstaff states that the owner of Piper Heidsick came to him, and, after saying that he was anxious to sell his horse, proposed the bogus match, which Heidsick was to be allowed to win, and thereby increase

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 26.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise (2)
Arnold, Grace
Annette, Mlle.
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Bidwell, Dollie
Butler, Mrs. Annie
Buchanan, Virginia
Bertha, Millie (statue "biz")
Bent, Belle
Boswell, Louise
Clarence, Lizzie (with Orrin Bros.)
Collins, Olivewith Kate Collins)
Clark, Lillian (of Globe Thea. Co.)
Clinston, Lucy (2)
Carroll, Jennie
Campbell, Mrs. F. G.
Coggswell, Carrie
Coombs' Combination, Jane
Conright, Mrs. Julia A.
Celeste, Rose
Clifeston, Sarah
Celeste, Belle
Claxton, Kate
Caselli, Fannie (7)
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Dawson, Dora
Daly, Miss
Darling, Bessie
Dargon, Augustal.
D'Ormer, Madam
Duncan, Carrie
De Gebele, Mad. Frida
Deland, Josie
De Lisle, Maude
De Brent, Amy
Dixon, Blanche
Forrester, Nellie
Fox, Annie(comed. and vocal.)
Fisher, Jennie (7)
Farren, Mrs. (of Bouciault's Co.)
Florence, Annie
Gate of Cincinnati)
Grant, Ethel (2)
Germon, Nellie (vocalist)
Gorman, Lottie
Gangain, Marie (3)
Gardiner, Ida
Goss, Mrs.
Gaylord, Mollie
Howard, Adah M.
Herbert, Emily
Hall, Lillia A.
Howard, May
Hindes, Mrs. Josephine G.
Hotts, Mrs. Fannie
Howard, Maude (dancienne)
Howard, Minnie
Hays, Sallie
Irwin Sisters
Jackson, Mary (of Mowery's Co.)
Jordan, Mabel
Jamison, Annie
Kenyon, Louie
Kimberley, Bessie
Lucille, Fannie (3)
Lanning, Lizzie
Le Roy, Kittie
Le Clair, Mrs. Madge
Lang, Ione
Lahey, Mary
Lewis, Ida (7)
Lavelle, Engenie
Louis & Jeannette
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mitchell, Lottie
Marelle, Millie
Markley, Edna
Morgan, Annie 3d.
Macarte, Madam
Murio, Louise
Morton, Miss A.
Nathans, Mrs. Sophia
Oates, Mrs. Jas. A.
Paris, Nellie
Parker, Georgie(of ParkerSisters)(2)
Parker, Nellie
Reynolds, Vic
Rogers, Katharine
Raymond, Kate 3c.
Rowley, Mrs. Jas. D.
Robson, Eros
Richmond Sisters
Shellman, Mrs.
Selwyn, Blanche
Stickney, Chrissie
Stokes, Mrs. Emma
Sanborn, Ada (2)
Smith, Lizzie (of Comig, Thea. N.Y.)
Towle, Mrs. T. R. (2)
Taylor, Marian
Thomaso, Hilda
Vivian, Sadie
Woods, Carrie
Williams, Miss G.
Willson, Georgia
Whitland, Kittie
Williams, Gussie
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Amar, H. (musician)
Avery, Frank(3)
Avery & Carlene
Aiken, Thos.
Allen, W. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Austin, Chas. & Blossom, Nat
Bradoni,— female impersonator.)
Benedict, Lew
Bell, Charlie
Bates, R. M.
Barton, Hugh L.
Bown, W. F. (with Welsh & Hughes)
Bauci, — (mystic changes)
Bouciault, Dion
Burke, T. K.
Burlison, A. W.
Booth's Manager, Edwin
Barrett, Lawrence (2)
Battle, F. C.
Butler, C. W.
Breton, Jules
Beaumont, Nillie (3)
Blitz, Francois R.
Barry, Wm.
Bianchett, C. E.
Bar-ett, Matt 5c.
Blackford, (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Bowron, W. L.
Bennet, Karl (of Bignold & Co.)
Buckley, Joe L.
Blodgett, Harvey
Brelsford, R. M.
Byron, C. Dodge
Braxmar, Chas. G
Barton, J. R.
Baker, — Wm. (of Baker & Bayle)
Barlow Bros. (2)
Brown, E. B.
Oliford), — Harry ("Pomp")
Carlysle, —
Clifton, F. R.
Cooke, De Witt
Coleman, J. A.
La Jubilee(3 (3)
Cathbrell, Chas.
Cressaville, J. A.
Craven, J. T.
Cronin, J. (of Tierney & Cronin)
Cappolo, Sig.
Clifton, Frank (of Silver Tourn'q.)
Chrissie, Ed.
Callender, Chas.(2)
Carle, John
Coburn, C.
Clark, Robt. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Chester, Chas. (actor)
"Continental 4"
Cleary, W. J.
Corbin, F. C.
Coup, Geo.
Cooper, Harry
Cronin, Wm.
Clapham, Harry J.
Clark, Dr. J. A.
Collins, Frank
Carter, Billy (banjoist) (3)
Cowes, G. H.
Cooper, Ed.(of Connors & Coleman)
Crossley, W. E.
Cook, Chas. E.
Connedy, Vance
Dearborn, Dr. J. W.
Drew, John E.
De Forrest, Mr.
Darton, Robt.
Dunning, Jas.
Dupree, C. H.
Dennis, Sam
D'Ormer, Mons.
Dillon, Benj. (comedy "biz")
Dumont, Frank
"Denizott"
Devere, C. N.
De Forrest, Frank & Josie
Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels
Davis, Leon
Dunbar, Leon
"Demonio" (dress-man)
Devonear, Peter(2)
Dohm, Geo. (gymnast 6c.
Dodge, Tom
De Forrest, Henry F. 5c.
Beadle, Edmund T.
Ealer, Jas. (equestrian)
Eddy, Clinton
Ellis, J. H. (with Barnum)
Emidy, R. (of Georgia Minst.)
Ellis, Sam
Fergusson, R. V.
Faustin, M.
Farnhill, Geo.
Freeman, Wm. H.
Fraser, Robt. (2)
Fields, J. J.
Francis, Geo.
Fox, W. B. (Call form. comed.)
Florence, G. A. (leader)
Freeman Joe
Fields, Jas.
Foley & Sheffer
Fielding, Harry
Fridley, J. (2)
Fitzgerald & Lacy (2)
Fisher, Jennie (7)
Farren, Mrs. (of Boucicault's Co.)
Florence, Annie
Gate of Cincinnati)
Grant, Ethel (2)
Germon, Nellie (vocalist)
Gorman, Lottie
Gangain, Marie (3)
Gardiner, Ida
Goss, Mrs.
Gaylord, Mollie
Howard, Adah M.
Herbert, Emily
Hall, Lillia A.
Howard, May
Hindes, Mrs. Josephine G.
Hotts, Mrs. Fannie
Howard, Maude (dancienne)
Howard, Minnie
Hays, Sallie
Irwin Sisters
Jackson, Mary (of Mowery's Co.)
Jordan, Mabel
Jamison, Annie
Kenyon, Louie
Kimberley, Bessie
Lucille, Fannie (3)
Lanning, Lizzie
Le Roy, Kittie
Le Clair, Mrs. Madge
Lang, Ione
Lahey, Mary
Lewis, Ida (7)
Lavelle, Engenie
Louis & Jeannette
Mulvey, Lizzie
Mitchell, Lottie
Marelle, Millie
Markley, Edna
Morgan, Annie 3c.
Macarte, Madam
Murio, Louise
Morton, Miss A.
Nathans, Mrs. Sophia
Oates, Mrs. Jas. A.
Paris, Nellie
Parker, Georgie(of ParkerSisters)(2)
Parker, Nellie
Reynolds, Vic
Rogers, Katharine
Raymond, Kate 3c.
Rowley, Mrs. Jas. D.
Robson, Eros
Richmond Sisters
Shellman, Mrs.
Selwyn, Blanche
Stickney, Chrissie
Stokes, Mrs. Emma
Sanborn, Ada (2)
Smith, Lizzie (of Comig, Thea. N.Y.)
Towle, Mrs. T. R. (2)
Taylor, Marian
Thomaso, Hilda
Vivian, Sadie
Woods, Carrie
Williams, Miss G.
Willson, Georgia
Whitland, Kittie
Williams, Gussie
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Amar, H. (musician)
Avery, Frank(3)
Avery & Carlene
Aiken, Thos.
Allen, W. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Austin, Chas. & Blossom, Nat
Bradoni,— female impersonator.)
Benedict, Lew
Bell, Charlie
Bates, R. M.
Barton, Hugh L.
Bown, W. F. (with Welsh & Hughes)
Bauci, — (mystic changes)
Bouciault, Dion
Burke, T. K.
Burlison, A. W.
Booth's Manager, Edwin
Barrett, Lawrence (2)
Battle, F. C.
Butler, C. W.
Breton, Jules
Beaumont, Nillie (3)
Blitz, Francois R.
Barry, Wm.
Bianchett, C. E.
Bar-ett, Matt 5c.
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Bowron, W. L.
Bennet, Karl (of Bignold & Co.)
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Carter, Billy (banjoist) (3)
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Cooper, Ed.(of Connors & Coleman)
Crossley, W. E.
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Connedy, Vance
Dearborn, Dr. J. W.
Drew, John E.
De Forrest, Mr.
Darton, Robt.
Dunning, Jas.
Dupree, C. H.
Dennis, Sam
D'Ormer, Mons.
Dillon, Benj. (comedy "biz")
Dumont, Frank
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Emidy, R. (of Georgia Minst.)
Ellis, Sam
Fergusson, R. V.
Faustin, M.
Farnhill, Geo.
Freeman, Wm. H.
Fraser, Robt. (2)
Fields, J. J.
Francis, Geo.
Fox, W. B. (Call form. comed.)
Florence, G. A. (leader)
Freeman Joe
Fields, Jas.
Foley & Sheffer
Fielding, Harry
Fridley, J. (2)
Fitzgerald & Lacy (2)
French, Ed. (of Man. Fran. Min.)
Florance, W. J.
Freise, Mr.
France, Geo. F. (2)
Foster, Mr.
Fluke, W. H.
Fostelle, Chas.
Forrister, Bruce
Failing, E. E.
Forepaugh, W. R
Forepaugh, Luke
Gepert, Chas.
Grayson, Mark
Garland, Fred
Grover, Leonard
Gulick, J.
Grace, Jas. (of Georgia Minst.)
Goodyear, Chas.
Gale, Geo. (of Robinson's Min.)
German Bros.
Griste, C. E.
Gibbons & Russell
Gotthold, E. M.
Gibbs, Chas.
Hinds, Phillip
Hamilton Bros.
Hall, Mills
Horace & Hough ton
Huber, F. J. (2)
Howard, Billy C.
Hudson, Harry B.
Hawley, Frank (2)
Hamilton, F.
Hoey & Ben, Min.)
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hooker, Fred.
Hongmyner, Harry
Harrington, J. (of Cummings & Harrington)
Heath, T. E.
Hagan, Hugh
Houghton, Horace
Halsall, Henry
Howard, Rollin
Joyce, T. H. or J. H.
Jerome & Cameron
Julicene, H. F.
Jones, Arnold
Johnson, E. H. (telephone "biz")
Jenner, Geo.
Jones, W. E.
Jennings, J. (of Mancin. & Jenn.)
Johnson, G. W. (agent)
"J. & Y."
Kingcade, Jas.
Kelly, E. (of Kelly & Leon)
Keene, Jule
Kelly & Leon
Kersands, Wm.
Kane, Jos. H.
King, Frank (scenic artist)
Klaud, Cæsar
Kuhl, Frank
Kelly, J. D.
Kelly & Leon
Leonard, Matt
Levine, Prof. H.
Leonard, W.
Lang, Jos. (comed.)
Langdon Bros.
Leo, Master
Lockhart, — (one-arm-man) (2)
Leonard & Wright (2)
Losee, Frank (act or)
Leopold, Geo. (2.5c.
Le Vere, Leo
Lotto, Fred
Lambkin, H. G.
Lee, Levarter, T. (2) 3c.
Leonard, Wally
Lamont, Chas.
Murphy & Morton
Mackley, Fred
Marlois, Ed.
Murray, John (actor)
Manchester, H. E.
Mack, J. J.
Mayo, Frank
Meade, Jas. A.
Muller, H. (of Harry's Minstrels)
Morris & Fields
Muab, Rei (2)
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Meighan, J. J.
Murray, B. (ofstras bury Cleor Co.)
McKee, Andy
McGann, Martin
Morton, W. H.
McSorley, Jas.
Millson, Wm. (gymnast)
McGladdeny, Owen
Murphy & Mack
Martin, Sam
Morris, Andy
Morris, Wm. J.
Mathews, James
Nicholls, R. Ham
Newcombe, Bobby
Nelson, Frank (stage-manager)
Noon, J. E.
Nall, John (2)
Orrin Bros.
Keefe, Wm. (cook)(2) 5c.
Peters, John (of Japanese Co.) (3)
Peters, Gus
Pennoyer, A. S.
Petrie & Fish
Parkinson, Eddie
Parker, F.
Parsloe, C. T. (2)
Pearl, C. C.
Platt, M. B.
Pettit, Seaman S.
Perry, E. (of Perry Bros.)
Quinn, Eddie
Quilter & Goldrich
Robinson, C. M.
Rhodes, Dan
Russell, ——
Russell, (Bloodgood's Co.)
Raymond, J. T.
Randolph, — Andy (banjoist)
Russell, John A (banjoist)
Reynolds, Barney
Riley, Pat (2)
Riley, Jas.
Reynolds, Barney
Russell, (Russell & Wilson)
Rahden, Mauricio
Sheridan, Jas. (late Sheridan & Mack)
Steele, Frank
St. Johnny
St. Ormond, Harry
Stickney, Robt.
Sherrick, Mark
Sydam, Jack
Sellon & Burns
Schepards, Harrie
Thompson(2Co.)
Sebastian, Romeo
Stetson, H. R.
Schell, Jos. S.
Sidney, Burton
Stanley, Burton
Stetson, E. T. (2)
Smith, John H.
Seaile, Jos. T.
Sanford, J. L.
Simon, J. A.
Sanford, Frank
Spencer, Wm. (violinist)
Scanlon & Cronin (2)
Scanlan, Wm. (of Scanlon & Cronin)
Sheldon, Harry
Sprague, D. J.
Sebastian, Sig.
Seeley, Charlie
Sells, Bros.
Seabury, A. (of Barhaum's Cir.)
Stanwood, Harry
Slavin, J. H.
Turner & Geyer
Toole, Col. T. R.
Tencomon, John
Tajieure, J.
Thorpe & Haverly
Taro, Keane
Thompson, ——
Teets, A. S.
Thompson, Den
Taylor, J. (of Pavilion, Phila.)
Texas Jack (3)
Trayne, Frank
Taylor, Prof. Harry
Toole, R. M.
Turner, Frank (of Geyer & Turner)
Thomas & Watson
Ulmer, Frank
Vannette Bros.
Victorelli, John
Varrey, Edwin
Vanderbilt, Frank
Vincent, James (comed.)
Woods, J. H. (with Sprague & Blodgett)
Wild, John (late of Irving Hall)
Wilson, L. (of Wilson Bros.)
Williams, H. A. B.
Wilson, G. E. (manager Sam Sharpley)
Wheeler, Billy (of Boylston Museum.)
Welch, Fayette
Wilson, M. (of Wilson Bros.) (2)
White, Archie (2)
Wright, T. A.
Ward, W. B.
Worthington, Wm.
Wingfield, John(2) 3c.
Willis, Frank E.
Walters, Chas.
Wagner, Carl
Warwick, Jack
Wilson, Bob (song-and-dance)
Wallace, P. W. (of Wallace's JubileeCo.)
Washburn, Leon
Wills, Gus. (mina.) "biz"
Weaver, Add
Zera, Prof.
Zeboid, G. W. (2)
Zeonetti & Searles

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Argeia Guilette, R. Hinkes, Joseph Parent, Harry Watson, William Welch, Mrs. Bailey A. Keeler, Chas. B. Grisle, L. M. Booth, and Miss Letourneau.

THERE ARE COMMUNICATIONS awaiting Master Leo, and Sadie Marriott, of Ada Richmond's Co., in the Wheeling, (W. Va.) Post-office.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 26, '77.

A severe storm of wind and rain on Saturday night ushered in Thanksgiving week, and interfered sadly with the attendance at our various places of amusement on that evening, to the mortification and disappointment of those managers who look to Saturday's entertainments for big pecuniary returns to help carry them through the coming week. Every manager has made extra provision for our Thanksgiving festivities, rare bills of fare by day and by night being provided with a lavish hand. Nearly every place is pretty well assured of good houses on Thursday, but the competition is so lively to secure the lion's share of public patronage that programmes of extraordinary attractiveness and variety are offered for the consideration of the amusement-seeker. The occasion promises to be a regular holiday; and here we would respectfully suggest to our many friends that they must draw what money they need to pay their hands on Wednesday, otherwise they will be shut out, as the banks do not open on Thanksgiving-day. The turkeys had better be passed 'round on Wednesday afternoon, so that the recipients of the same may have ample time to prepare them for the festivities of the succeeding day.....Isn't that a dreadful thing about Edward Arnott and Ethel Thornton of Wallack's Theatre? And that the model theatre of America, too! Edward is cast for a villainous part in "False Shame," now running at that house; but Ethel desires to cast him in a more villainous character in "Divorce." The funny part of it is that Edward says he is not married to Ethel, but has a real wife and two children in England; his New York love claims him for her own, and sues to be relieved of him, etc. We are also shocked by the awful disclosures that we refer the intelligent reader to the details given in another column. Oh! the pity of it!.....The girl who carried off the first prize given by the Tinicum Debating Society "had better return it and save trouble, as she is known." We do not say that Elizabeth O'Brien is the incriminated party, but it is certain that Libby is on the loose again.....Irving, the English tragedian, had better have tied a grindstone around his neck and leaped into the unsurging waters of the Thames ere he charged the dramatic critics of England with being totally ignorant of art matters, and a set of know-nothings generally. He gave himself away as a banquet in Glasgow, Scotland, and his remarks were received with a coldness that must have given him the shakes, and convinced him of the error he had committed. And that lets Irving out, just as "Marriage" and its author's remarks on the New York critics dismissed Bouciault.....The wrestling bears at the London Circus are no go; they made such a sorry exhibition the night they appeared that their further services were dispensed with, and thus the downfall of Mister Brahm was accomplished at one fell swoop. Don't forget the babies! They are on exhibition at Mlle. Rhea Hall, Manager Meade having made a haul of midgets that cannot fail to give a due meed of praise to that gentleman for such a display of infantile loveliness. We asked the Jim boy if *he* intended to take in the babies. His reply was characteristic: "I *hate* babies; I'm goin' to the dog show!".....Here's a curious thing, to which we desire to call your attention: Kate Claxton is in the Southern country, and we have had but one theatre destroyed by fire since she went South, and that was Trimble's Theatre in Pittsburg; but even here her influence seems to have been felt, for in that theatre Mattie Vickers had given *imitations of Kate Claxton* several times before the fire occurred! Query, won't it?.....Having given Mary Anderson a right cordial welcome, and stuck to her for two weeks, we are all in prime order to turn the tide against her for the sake of variety. And we warn her that, as she has chosen to try conclusions with the late Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, she cannot take any half-way steps in that direction; she must equal Cushy's grand delineation of the weird and wicked Meg, or Charlotte's ghost will haunt her every time she attempts to play the part, and we, the critics of New York, *will take rides with the ghost!*.....Instead of the bears, we are to see Adele Franzini at the Circus this week; and

Just as she's the "Queen of the Bicycle,"

This is the time to beware of the icicle.

We admit that this poetry is not altogether classical or tender, and yet it is in the melting mood.....Over in the London Music Halls they have been singing a couple of new songs, the music of which has at last floated across the ocean under these suggestive titles: "At it Again," and "Was There any Harm in That?" A truthful answer to this inquiry can only be made after we are informed what it is that the singer has been "at" again. If it should prove to be jumping his board-bills, or furnishing another horrible example for temperance lecturers—why, then there's a good deal of harm in that.....In the advertisement of the Olympic we read this touching announcement: "No second-childhood in the management of the Olympic." This is not on somebody, and we have been trying our best to ascertain who is the object of this fulmination. But *nous verrons*.....The adulterous drama still finds an abiding place in the Union-square Theatre, and yet Brother Comstock would not be justified in proceeding against the management for distributing such pabulum through the mails!..... "And don't you forget it," Fanny Davenport commences a season at Booth's Theatre on December 17. Let us receive her with open arms and hearts full of love.....Janauschek needn't care whether it's silver or gold or paper Congress is going to give us, for her engagement in this city was so poor, pecuniarily, that she can have little or no interest in the money question.....And there's Fish House? Where's the matter at the Aquarium, too. What's the matter at the Fish House? Where's the bottle-nosed dolphin? Where's the beautiful little Japanese Pasha of many tails that used to excite such interest? Where's the Devil Fish? Where's the woman-fish that used to eat and drink and smoke? We believe to sleep, all in real water? We hunted for these things a night or two ago, but alas! like the much-married man referred to above, they are not!.....That persons should unblushingly advertise to dispose of "Baby" for ten dollars would be a positive reflection upon our boasted civilization, but for the fact that it is all done in the play of "Baby" can be obtained for the sum advertised.....And right here we wish to say that Col. Sinn is to give a "Baby" show at his theatre in Brooklyn this week.....And touching this subject of babies, which is always a very dangerous thing to touch lest you may drop it—dealing with babies, we say, brings to mind a neat little thing which we jotted down the other night while witnessing the antics of those robust infants, Birch and Backus. Here it is, unabridged and unaltered:

CONTRADICTIONS EXPLAINED.

In the ranks of our minstrel friends

The fact it is well to know:

That those who are seen on the "ends"

Are often the first in the show:

While it frequently happens that fame

For a worldpuls atones

When the best leading man in the troupe

Responds to the title of "Bones."

.....Cleopatra, James, was a beautiful woman who lived many centuries ago, and who died from the bite of an asp which she foolishly placed in her own bosom. She was a queen whose charms captivated pretty nearly all the great men of her day. You must not confess to any body else, as you do to us, that you thought Cleopatra was going to make her debut at the Broadway variety last night, and for the benefit of the advertiser. Such remarks will lead to the suspicion that your early education has been neglected.....Sirens bathe in real water over at the Columbia Opera-house. If such a thing were attempted in Philadelphia—where it has just been decided to close the alleged Permanent Exhibition on Sunday—the house would be shut up at once; and yet in their holy city water is a good deal of real water in washing their pavements.....Jo. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle-like sleep doesn't last as long as it used to, and so he wakes up for good on Saturday night of this week.....A "Constant Reader" wants to know "how old Mr. Smith is, and where" Mr. Smith has not been sick at all, and he may be seen every night at the same theatre.....It is said that whatever Tony Pastor's Vaudeville Theatre turns people away, Wallack's Theatre profits by the overflow.....Pauline is back again—not the "Lady of Lyons," but she of the velvet voice and the eastsiders will take her in at the Bowery this week. When, some nine years ago, the first time we drank our vision as the most attractive member of Lydia Thompson troupe, young New York swore by the fair Markham, and the flowers she received would have done honor to a fashionable funeral. When we look back—but perhaps it were better not to look back. Let's wife got into trouble by doing that very thing, and Mr. Lot had a fog to console him for his loss but a pillar of salt. The more we think about this lot—Lot's, the more we grow. But, Pauline! ah! evolution, we happened to pick up a Chicago paper, and there we read, to our infinite satisfaction, that "Charles Duell, the well-known variety performer, was married last week to Jennie Melville, serio-comic vocalist." Why did this afford us infinite satisfaction? Because, in the twinkling of an eye, we had jotted down the following

CONGRATULATORY LINES.

A marriage let us now proclaim,
'Twas done there were duel ere 'twas done,
And yet, when Duell both became,
'Twas only then that they were one.

.....They undertook to sit down on Saturna somewhat summarily last week (observe the pun), play upon those words, and we are not feeling well to-day, either, but Saturna objected. The real bone of contention was Little All-Right, for whose safety the society with the long name appeared especially anxious. When Little All-Right testified that he was eighteen years old or thereabouts, and that he didn't want to be caught in any net like a shad, the society abandoned the charge of infancy, but stuck to the net. Whatever the issue, the case is bound to come out All-Right.....Age cannot wither, or something or other stale our infinite jest." We forget whether that's our own or Shakespeare's, but as William is not here to speak for himself, and as we have no wish to take a mean advantage of his absence, we give the Bard of Avon the credit; and that, too, when we are 'avin' very little credit given us for what our honest friends throughout the country flesh from our columns to enrich their own. Let's see! Would we lid we intation? Jimmy, can you tell what we were about to remark? Was it about the cat show in Philadelphia?" No, Jimmy; and thus is another gem lost to the world.....Say, that Heller fellow's coming back." Yes, he's got his "Second Sight," and now sees his title clear in the little theatre on Twenty-fourth street, which, having arisen from its embers, will be opened on Dec. 10.....It never was intended to introduce Cleopatra's Needle No. 1 in the play now going on at the Broadway Theatre. Rose Eytinge used her own needle when making up as Cleopatra, but Flora McFlimsey, had nothing to wear, who, like Flora McFlimsey, had nothing to wear, formerly who fail to insert their cards in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, now in preparation, will feel rather bad when they come to see what an attractive work it is intended to be. In the chaste language of one who knows, "It is not for a day, but for all time."....Perhaps we could better bring an end to our desultory brilliancy this week than by giving expression to the hope that everybody will find some good cause for giving thanks on Thanksgiving. It is customary to wish friends a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. At the risk of being considered selfish, we take it upon ourselves to wish our theatrical readers

A JOLLY THANKSGIVING.

May all the profession, wherever they're living,
In country or town, in the West or the East,
Have cause to remember this day of Thanksgiving,
And all the good things which are spread at the least.
May the managers bury their griefs in a vision
Of houses all crammed from cellar to floor,
And speak of their *crammed-bury* sauce with precision,
Albeit they never were *pun-gent* before.
May the heavy-man eat till his strength is well tested;
May turkeys be showered on all the troupe;
May the walking-man lean on a drum-stick digested,
And the "swing-man be blessed with super-ior soup.
May the star make his *orbits* among the fat dishes—
While as for the Dorcasills, the Stickneys and Fishes—
May all of them ride on a canvas back duck!
May the villain forget he was ever a sinner,
And the minstrel find something more toothsome than
May the orchestra strike in the air of a dinner, (bones;
A chord in accord with their innermost tones.
May all be received with a jest that is warmer
Than ever before was granted by fate,
And all the world over, may every performer
Be offered by way of dessert, a—date.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

"Across the Continent" has gone farther. It was played at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, for the first time in Victoria, on Oct. 13.....The wife of Godard the aeronaut is dead. During the siege of Paris, France, she superintended the manufacture of the balloons sent out from that city.....Baby" was seen for the first time in Denver, Col., on Nov. 16, at Forrester's Opera-house. The Denverians do not take to it kindly.....Speaking of Miss Docy Stewart, who was unwisely singled out to play Lady Anne when Charles Pope, on Sept. 22, made his Australian debut as Richard III, *The Melbourne Age* remarks: "She appears to be thrust into front-rank places for the same reason that Joab sent Uriah to the front—that he might be surely killed by having his strength contrasted in an encounter with the great ones with whom he was never intended to cope on equal terms. She delivered her sentences like a fairy in a Christmas piece"—which is her line.....*Cincinnati Enquirer* of Nov. 21 is reprobative, while not being unappreciative of due proportions: "The musical leader of the 'Evangeline' Troupe should get a little attention from Mr. Rice. It was a noticeable fact to the audience last night that he was constantly laughing at and guying Miss Laurent during her song, as the last act Miss Laurent is an entire novice in the business and with and without encouragement will make a decided success. She is pretty, *handsome, proportioned*, and sings sweetly.....At the Opera-house, Melbourne, Miss Sheridan made a splendid performance in behalf of the Dramatic and Musical Association realized about $300.....Miss Minnie Conway was announced for a week at the Town Hall, Melbourne, Australia, during Cup week, as a special in the concerts of her husband, Levy the cornettist.....Miss Mary Anderson is equally proficient in sword-practice, sports with dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and could break Eben Plympton in twain by the mere contraction of her fingers. It was the acting of Edwin Booth that first rendered the stage fascinating to her.....Of from that stage, per pect of the life of idleness or luxury could alienate her. Her veneration for it is as great as her tenderness in handling Plympton on the stage, and among her dearest friends are the veterans Gen. Shook, Dan Pedro, and Henry W. Longfellow.....Miss Camille Dubois, who came to this country with the Lydia Thompson Troupe in the Autumn of 1870, has become the wife of the Hon. Wyndham Stanhope of London, Eng.....Miss Kate McDowell, who in Indianapolis took the place of the original Miss Weathersby as Gabriel in "Evangeline," is not unknown in Cincinnati, where she was to have appeared in that role last Wednesday night, supplanting Miss Lizzie Webster. She was formerly Mrs. Morey.....W. J. Fleming, manager of Nillo's Garden, this city, and charged with having "run" a fully made use of a play entitled "Spiders, Cobwebs and Flies," the property of James Robertson, said to be an actor, was arrested on Nov. 21. He was held to answer the same action. Judge McAdam accepted bail in $500. What possible use could any manager make of "Spiders and Cobwebs" and "Flies" are always serviceable in theatres, and perhaps Manager Fleming is but one-third guilty of misappropriation.....We had supposed that, since the recent contribution of fifteen monkeys to the Zoological Garden, Cincinnati, the tribe had ceased to be represented in this city. But there is at least one left, and in a frisky mood, one day early last week, he caused the instant death of a seal at the Aquarium, besides shattering a statue with which he knocked that seal upon the head.....It is gratifying to note the reappearance of Miss Hannah Birch upon the metropolitan stage, which occurred last week at the Comique. No one else so thoroughly enjoys life within the glare of the footlights as Mrs. Larry Tooley, as the lady is known in private life; and it is always the aim of the other performers to upset her forced and unsustainable gravity. The laughter she is powerless to repress extends to the audience, and renders her such a favorite as talent alone could not make her. Whether as Tony Pastor's or this woman-of-all-work, who, though young, is an old-timer in service, and a valuable compendium of the history of the American variety stage. The annual benefit of the American Institute of this city closed on Nov. 24 in London, on Nov. 8. Miss Minnie Foster, once an English music-hall vocalist of repute, obtained a decree *nisi* of divorce, with costs, from William Thomas, once an English music-hall vocalist of even greater repute. The lady first instituted legal proceedings nearly ten years ago. The gentleman, who has since risen to distinction in both America and Australia, as a comedian on the legitimate stage, had then been married over a year and a half to another English lady, who has since become an actress of prominence.....In this city, last week, the English actress who for the past two or three seasons has played at Wallack's Theatre under the pseudonym of Miss Ethel Thornton brought suit for divorce from Edward Arnott, an English actor, and of the same theatre. She alleges brutality and inconstancy. He makes startling admissions under oath, but denies that plaintiff ever became his wife. She claims that she was married to him in this city, in June, 1874, in thorough accord with the laws of the State of New York, although the religious ceremony she acted in was performed with in defference to his logic. She furthermore admitted in accompanying him to San Francisco as his wife, and continued to live with him in that capacity until she made the painful discovery as to his fickleness. By way of proof that he is not, or at least ought not to, have remained single in England. And we are inclined to think that he is right. He deals with the Devil and he traffics with L."

.....We observe that among the arrivals in this city from Liverpool was T. H. Glennie. This is probably the English actor who has been here before..... His name is not in the published passenger list, yet one of the ubiquities of the day is confident that Sleeper Clarke the comedian arrived here on Sunday last from England.....Blanche Lepe.....Mr. Faust is now in this city, the eminent London music-teacher, and yet THE CLIPPER, in April of 1874, stated that item about his having left for the purpose of adopted stage-life not from necessity, but out of pure love of the art it fosters, and that out of pure love has been devoted to generously dressing the characters she has since portrayed. She withdrew from the stage in 1874, contemplating marriage in the then not remote future, and did not return to it until prevailed upon to become the original Boston representative of Arte O'Neal in "Shanghrian," at the Boston Theatre. Or the unmarried ladies who were at the Brooklyn Theatre during Miss Savory's last season there, at least five have been wedded within thirty months, and all have retired except Miss Fanny Reeves and possibly Miss Savory. Miss Minnie Conway will appear at long intervals in concert vocalist..... Not to be outdone by George's performances were stopped from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Irish songs; Frank Moon] gave feats of juggling; and Major Burk gave his well-known military exercises.

GEORGE H. TYLER of the Olympic Theatre was last week arrested upon three warrants, issued on complaint of the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, for allowing little George Martinetti, styled as "Baby George"—to perform a stilt act, and Little All-Right to do gymnastic feats, at the Olympic Theatre, and for not using a net, as prescribed by law, during the performances of the last named. Mr. Tyler appeared at the Jefferson Market Police-court Nov. 23. "Baby George" was in charge of a detective, and All-Right was in the company of Satsuma. The last-named testified that his name was Arthur Deporte, and that he was a French Canadian, having been born in Montreal. His appearance he seemed to be over twenty years of age, and the counsel for the Society withdrew the charge against Mr. Tyler for employing a minor so far as All-Right was concerned, but pressed the charges against him for not using a net, and for allowing "Baby George" to perform. On these charges Mr. Tyler was held in $400 bail, which was promptly furnished.

FRANK TURNER, acrobatic clog-dancer, of A. Geyer and F. Turner, died in the City Hotel Nov. 17. His real name was Frank Trainor, and he was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 24, 1858. He began his professional career three years ago, traveling with his brothers, Charles and Tommy, and performing in all of the principal variety theatres in this country until September last, when he joined Adelph Geyer. He made his last appearance on the stage at the Olympic Theatre Nov. 12, he and his partner then commencing a week's engagement. On the following day he he died. His funeral took place 19, the pallbearers being Lew Benedict, Cummings and Harrington, Theodore Bommers, Wm. Hoey and Albert Geyer. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery. He left a mother, two brothers, and numerous friends to mourn their loss. His disease was pneumonia.

MME. JANAUSCHEK closed her engagement at the Broadway Theatre Nov. 24. The only fresh performance of the week was "Mary Stuart," which was acted Monday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee. Charles Wyndham will make his first appearance since the opening of the regular season, gave a praiseworthy impersonation of Sir William Davidson. "Brunhild" was repeated Tuesday and Thursday, and "Chesney Wold" Wednesday and Friday.

THE WRESTLING BEARS, which began an engagement at the London Circus Nov. 19, failed to give the satisfaction expected, and they were dispensed with after Tuesday. During the week Mr. H. Batchellor, one of the leapers, sprained his ankle and was compelled to temporarily suspend his performances. Mr. Conrad introduced his performing dogs for the first time this season, and they proved to be a feature.

THE MISSES LIZZIE RICH, Nina Varian, Blanche Galton, and Clara Rainford, and Messrs. George Middleton, Tom Bartleman, and D. W. Logan Sad to reinforce the company at the Fifth-avenue Theatre this week.

JENNIE HUGHES, Achille Phillion, Signor Giovanni, Willis Pickert, Belle Fostelle, Mamit and Bartholomew, Helene, Wm. Mandi, Sallie and Lucy Gerald are the fresh people billed at the Olympic Theatre.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE the new people billed for Nov. 26 are Fred F. Levantine, Frank and Eva Bennett, Curry and Hall, Conway and Kerrigan, who reappear together after a short separation, Zidella May, C. W. Brewster, Char

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated San Francisco, Nov. 18, is as follows:

Mr. Dampier, the Australian actor, made his debut in America Nov. 12 at the California Theatre, appearing in the character of Dagobert in the play of the same name, a dramatization of a few familiar incidents in the life of "The Wandering Jew." Mr. Dampier is unquestionably a thoroughly good actor; his elocution is graceful and full of beauties; he possesses a volume of great reach, strength and volume, and is a clever delineator of character, because he assumes an identity and keeps it. His acting showed great earnestness, fine intelligence, and a mastery of the art of picturesque gesture. He has no stage tricks, no offensive self-consciousness. His daughters, Lily and Rose, aged respectively five and nine years, are really remarkable for their rare intelligence and intuitive talent. The drama was well produced with respect to scenery, and ran through the week. Henry Edwards played and dressed Rodin, the pious rogue, with striking fidelity. W. A. Mestayer as Morok the lion tamer, F. W. Thayer as the Wandering Jew, Nelson Decker as Abbe Gabriel, and C. B. Bishop as Karl, rendered good support. Alice Harrison was especially happy as Ninette. "Helen's Babies" and "Dan'l Druce" are billed for 13. "Hamlet" to follow. The dramatic season at Baldwin's Theatre commenced 12, with "Les Danicheffs," since which time it has been nightly produced to large houses. The production was a splendid triumph of pictorial embellishment, extraordinary pains having been bestowed on the elaboration of minute detail, and the scenes and stage setting were really beautiful. The performance of Osip especial actors on the stage was marked by a warm reception from the delighted audience. Charles R. Thorne Jr.'s performance of Osip entirely confirmed his Eastern reputation; his intellectual perception and dramatic expression, his quiet intensity and grace of action, speech, and gesture, were distinct and refreshing. Fanny Morant was delicate and pathetic and powerful as Countess Danicheff; Maud Harrison as Anna was the very picture of that gentle, sorrowful character, and her interpretation was an artistic success. Annie Pixley pretends to do she succeeds in doing, because she does it with the whole strength of a fine mind and an impassioned heart. Fred Warde as the Princess made a genuine hit with her scene with Zakaroff, excellently personified by J. W. Jennings; Frank Roche as Vladimir was admirable—occasional flippancy of a vigorous conception illuminated his performance, and his scene with his mother, the Countess, in the second act was a genuine triumph over the difficulties of the situation—he was recalled at the close of the act. Walden Ramsay did nice business as Baron De Taide, the French diplomat; Paul Danicheff, in the person of Willie Seymour, was a clear-cut and conscientious personation. The play was produced under the immediate supervision of Mr. Seymour. Willie Seymour is to play Geoffry Wyngard in "Dan'l Druce" at the California Theatre next week, and on the same evenings will continue to play Paul Danicheff and manage the stage at Baldwin's. The remaining characters in "Les Danicheffs" were taken by Chas. Edmonds, C. M. Collins, H. B. Bradley, J. R. Foster, Miss Mortimer, Miss Lizzie Young and Mrs. Judge. "Pink Dominos" to follow. The officers of the theatre are Thos. Maguire, manager; C. R. Thorne Jr., director; W. Seymour, stage manager; Frank L. Goodrich, business manager; Geo. R. Chipman, treasurer; Geo. Dayton, scenic-artist; and A. H. Beck, leader of orchestra.

At the Grand Opera-house Lecocq's comedy-opera "Girofle-Girofla" by two local authors—Clay Greene and A. S. Thompson—received its virgin representation Nov. 12. The play treats of the fortunes of Girofle, the daughter of Felix O'Flush, a retired butcher, vulgar and rich, aiming to become a Senator, and the endeavor of his daughter Mary to obtain an aristocratic husband. A useful funny man appears in the person of a ballot-box stuffer, and the necessary villain is the manager of a bogus bank, the moral designing widow, the familiar honest but injured old man, the melancholy and misunderstood young lady, and the exquisite lover put in an appearance. The play presents in successive order political fortune, receiving a fortune, spending a fortune, dying in aid of the orphans, stranded fortune, run on a bogus bank, misfortune the best fortune, and the customary triumph of good over evil. The comedy, while it is very amusing of more than passing praise, presents no original character. The plot is neatly contrived and worked out. the characters are in sufficient variety, and there are some very amusing encounters and incidents. It contains a great deal of slang, and the frequent straining after effect, and the determination to be sharp at all times, mars the comedy as a work of art. The authors at times seem to have forgotten that their audience would be likely to consider ladies as well as men, and that it is not necessary to raise a blush "on any cheek" merely for the sake of getting a laugh. Nevertheless, the play is really meritorious in parts, and were it judiciously revised it might become worthy of taking a high position on the American stage. Chas. Stanley as Felix O'Flush acted with considerable spirit and intelligence; Annie Pixley as Mary Flush shared the honors of the performance; the remaining characters were assumed by J. W. Grismer, J. G. Egbertie, A. D. Billings, W. J. Whitecar, J. D. Bacon, Jennie Murdoch and Emily Wagner. The play was handsomely mounted, but failed to draw full houses ..... The Grisly Combination commenced an engagement at the Bush Street Theatre, 19, to fairly drawn crowded houses through the week with "Around the World in Eighty Days." The members of the dramatic company were new to this city, and hardly justified the expectations formed of them. George Metkiff as Phineas Fogg was good, W. H. Fitzgerald as Passepartout and Ben Maginley as Fix were fair, and the remainder of the ballet, which was the salvation of the piece, is the best seen in this city for years, the principal members being Rooney and Arnold Kiraly, Bessie Rose, Miss Bellon, Miss Corsal. The ladies of the ballet are remarkable for their youth, perfection of limb, and beauty of face, and their dancing is artistic, delicate and graceful. The Rooney and Emerson's Opera-house are doing a fair business with a strong company and good programme. The leading people are Billy Emerson, Nellie and Ivan Bellair, and Tom Rooney. "Helen's Babies" 19. Kelly & Leon's Burlesque Opera Company appear Dec. 2 ..... At the German Stadt Theatre the opera season of Mr. Joseph Oesterle will soon be produced by Max Freeman, J. Wilhan and Miss L. Roeckel ..... At the Adelphi Alice Gray the vocalist appeared 12. Richard McCarthy, John Hart and A. E. Moreland are the attractive cards at Business-gone ..... "Capt Jack" (Crawford), the poet scout, takes a complimentary benefit at Baldwin's to-night. "Nick of the Woods" recitations, minstrelsy, etc., will constitute the bill. F. W. Sanford Rea, J. M. Ward and the Razilla Brothers will appear ..... Modjeska (Countess Bozenta) is to appear for one week at the California Theatre Nov. 26, after which time she will proceed direct to New York ..... Mrs. D. P. Bowers is doing the interior. She is supported by Ellie Wilson, F. W. Sanford, H. Wilmer and others ..... Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Curtis and company, one day behind Mrs. Bowers, are making "big money" ..... James A. Herne, John Wieland, Geo. Calhoun, John Foster, Kate Claxton Harran, and Esther Williams leave for Portland, Oregon, 19, under engagement to Bert's Theatre ..... The Caroline Richings-Bernard Opera Troupe are still in Oregon.

THINGS DRAMATIC in Boston are chronicled by our correspondent writing on Nov. 25:

Stuart Robson and William H. Crane appeared during the past week at the Globe Theatre in "The Comedy of Pills," which then received its first performance in Boston. It has thus far proved the most successful engagement of the season, the business having been enormous and overflowing. Of the acting of the principals it may be said Mr. Robson has never given such an artistic performance in this city, and Mr. Crane's delicate touches in his part shown less prominently. Mr. Crane is more broad in his general style, and was rich and unctuous in delineating the idiosyncrasies of Sergeant Buster. The stage looking stiffness which belongs to the part of the retired East-Indian, gave a satisfactory representation of Capt. Derringer. J. H. Maclaver performed the part of Pedi in a commendable manner, and Messrs. Burns, Jones and Springer in the distinct parts of the Cremorne waiters were very good. Mr. Jones as the French serving-man victor giving another token of his aptitude for those characters which we caught a glimpse of last week. Messrs. Gardner, Page, and Alexander, in the lesser roles, were worthy of notice. Miss Lizzie Storrs was rather amateurish and rigid as Mrs. Cato Dove, but showed care and intelligence. Miss Alexander, as the maid Susie Buster was strong-minded and overpowering, and showed the experienced artist. Miss Effie Germon as the Great Zulu was the star of the evening, and her work throughout was as it was, was given with a moderation and grace which showed that she caught the true spirit of the part. Miss Adelaide Cushman, as daughter of the Indian, made her first appearance in this city, acting Mrs. Julia Perkins, and, for one so young did well. The piece was most handsomely mounted, and everything that is to be something of a neophite, succeeded fairly. Harry Josephs as Catherine and Richard Golden as Le Blanc were very funny. The Lone Fisherman of Harry Hunter was, of course, a feature. N. D. Bowers' Dominos Troupe open 26. Mr. Rice's troupe go hence to Louisville ..... Fred Alms retired from the management of Wood's Theatre 17. Nat Hyams takes it Dec. 3. In the meantime the combination of W. N. Griffith occupies the theatre. This week they have been invited 'Pink Dominos' and 'Forbidden Pleasures.' Next week 'My Awful Dad' is announced ..... Fannie Louise Buckingham is in the city. She opens Dec. 3 at the Coliseum.

ROSE AND HARRY WATKINS and a company open in the New Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 26, in "Trodden Down."

THE WALLACE SISTERS were in Muskegon, Mich., Nov. 19, 20.

ALFRED DAMPIER, tragedian, and his daughters Lilly and Rose, whose success in Australia and California has already been noted by our correspondents, will arrive in New York shortly, and managers desiring to negotiate with them are requested to communicate at once with their agent, Morris Simmonds.

A LITTLE DRAMATIC COMPANY to support a lady-star is wanted by Brown & Rouse, who advertise.

GEORGE V. PRICE, the ticket-taker at the lower part of the auditorium of the Brooklyn Theatre at the time at was destroyed by fire, was among the unfortunate crew of the ill-fated Sloop-of-war Huron, occupying the position of "ship's writer."

TAGS.—John McCullough visited John E. Owens at the latter's farm, Towsontown, Md., on Nov. 18. It is not improbable that he will become Owens' guest for a protracted ..... One John Brown got into the wrong seat at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Nov. 16. When asked to vacate his politeness of his language was wholly overshadowed by its vigor, and a policeman was called in. Justice Summerfield fined Brown five dollars ..... It was announced in our pages last week that Miss Eliza Weathersby and Nat Goodwin Jr. would open at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Dec. 24. It now appears that they have been engaged for a spectacular and musical piece, now being conducted by Joseph Bradford (author of "Our Bachelors"). J. Cheevers, Goodwin, and John Braham, nephew of our David ..... John T. Ford took his comedy company to Cumberland, Md., on Nov. 23, and gave a performance for the benefit of the poor of that city, they to receive one-half of the gross receipts. "She Stoops to Conquer" was the afternoon piece ..... Cecil Rush in "Rose Michel," supported by Jas. R. Waite's Metropolitan Company, opened at the Opera Hall, Fremont, O., Nov. 21, to good business. After two nights they were to have gone to Adrian, Mich., and on Thanksgiving-night they are due in Jackson, same State ..... Miss Gertrude Kellogg has been specially engaged for Louise to the Henriette of Mrs. Thomas Barry in "The Two Orphans," revived at the Boston Theatre to-night ..... Sagamore Hotel, in the midst of which Thompson's Opera-house, Lynn, Mass., is located, was formally opened on Nov. 21 by its new proprietor, James O. Gorman ..... Mrs. Edwin Adams is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson at their residence in Hoboken, N. J. ..... The Boston Light Dragoons visited the Boston Theatre on Nov. 21, in compliment to John T. Raymond ..... For the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital for Women, the pantomimic spectacle founded upon the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough" was given at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 22. The ballad itself was sung by Mrs. L. O. Elliott prior to every tableau, and nearly two hundred persons, ladies, gentlemen and children, appeared in the spectacle, the principal characters of which were sustained as follows: Baron, Mr. J. J. McCloskey; Baroness, Mrs. ex-Governor Lowe; Bride, Miss Blanche Boury; Lord Lovell, Meyers R. Jones; Housekeeper, Miss ——— Lowe; May Queen, Miss Duryea. The entertainment was financially a success ..... James F. Latham has ceased to be business-manager of the Grand Opera-house, San Francisco ..... Minnie Walton is expected in San Francisco from Australia ..... The sum of $34,226 92 has been paid to the sufferers by the Brooklyn Theatre fire, and $13,137 70 remain on hand. One hundred of the one hundred and eighty-seven accounts opened have been closed. There are now eighty-seven families of individuals receiving relief amounting to $734 50 every two weeks. Those remaining on the list are widows and orphans, with a few aged or infirm persons who are unable to do anything for themselves ..... A Miss Henri L. Bascom is a member of the California Theatre company, San Francisco.

MUSICAL.

A LIST OF NEW SONGS, with orchestral parts, arranged by Prof. C. M. Currier, is published by F. W. Helmick in our advertising department. The list embraces attractive songs for serio-comic vocalists, for first-part, with chorus, and for specialty artists.

THE HYER SISTERS' COMBINATION sang in Yankton, D. T., Nov. 16, 17.

"THE ADELLA OVERTURE," an easy, showy piece for small orchestra, "The Arranger's Handbook," and Howe's orchestra music are advertised by G. H. Bowe in another column.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to amuse the public in Hollister, Mass., Nov. 26, Clinton 27, Copperhill 28, Manchester, N. H., 29, Ayer, Mass., 30, and Fitchburg Dec. 1.

THE HARMONIC CHOIR'S SOCIETY of Indianapolis, Ind., have a weekly average attendance of ninety-six at rehearsals. They will produce "The Women of Samaria" about Dec. 17. Wm. H. Clarke is director.

"FREE-LUNCH CADETS," a marching song by J. P. Sousa, and "'Deed, I has to Laugh," a plantation scene by the same author, performed with success by Griffin and Rice with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, can be obtained at J. M. Stoddard & Co.'s advertised address.

MULLALY'S "Kathleen of Kilkenny," French's "Tell the Folks I'll Soon be Home," and other new songs are advertised in another column by Spear & Dehnhoff.

ALICE OATES' OPERA COMPANY, under Jos. Hamilton's management, is to appear in Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 3, 4, 5.

CAMILLA URSO'S concert in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 22, was largely attended.

THE HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY are to perform in Albany, N. Y., Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1, playing an entire matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

THE BERGER FAMILY CONCERT TROUPE opened at Lersundi Theatre, Havana, under the Orrin Brothers' management, Nov. 11, and up to the 18th had performed every night. A correspondent states that they are meeting a fortune, the receipts and are pronounced a most decided success, the public and press speaking highly in their praise." The troupe are reported all well at latest advices, dated Nov. 17.

THE ST. CLAIR OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY had a successful week at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., opening Nov. 19. The repertory was "La Marjolaine" 19, 23, "Pretty Perfumer" 20, "Madame Angot's Child" 21, "Barbe Bleue" 22, "Girofle-Girofla" 24 matinee, and "La Belle Helene" at night. Closed 24 for Washington ..... Nannie Sutton's concert at Lehman's Hall Nov. 19 was a success ..... The concerts by Emily Thursby at the New Academy of Music Nov. 22, 23 were largely attended.

THE BOSTON ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commenced an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 19, appearing in the opera "Chimes of Normandy," then heard for the first time in that city. "A Summer-night's Dream" was produced Nov. 22, and "Fra Diavolo" 23. Philadelphia, being followed Nov. 23 by "The Bohemian Girl," to the largest house of the season, and Nov. 24 by "Fra Diavolo." The attendance during the week was excellent.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY is now divided into three quartets: Asa's family giving concerts in New York, John's in Philadelphia; and Joshua is sick, and his family is not at present performing.

MISS EMMA THURSBY and other artists will appear in a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Nov. 30.

AT HOOLEY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., during the second week of the Fryer Opera Troupe the business has not been so large as that of the first. "Il Trovatore" was given Nov. 19, "Martha" 20, "Masaniello" 20, "Fidelio" 21, "Lohengrin" 22, "Lucretia Borgia" 23, "Flying Dutchman" 24, "Fidelio" Sunday evening, 25. The party goes direct to New Orleans ..... The Children's Sunday-school Concerts at the Tabernacle, Sunday afternoon 25, proved as successful as that they were repeated evening 23 and afternoon 24. The Kellogg-Cary Combination are to appear in concerts Nov. 27, 29, at the Tabernacle, at popular prices.

MUSICAL ITEMS from St. Louis, Mo., are given below: Prof. Bernhard Listemann and his string concerts in Armory Hall Nov. 22, 23 ..... The Balaska Quintet Club gave their first concert of a series of four in Mahler's Hall Nov. 21 ..... The first concert of Der Arion des Westens, the chief musical society of the city, took place at Turner Hall Nov. 24. Miss Julia Ambs, a member of the society, carried off the honors of the evening at a concert given in Leavenworth, Kan., recently ..... The Mound City Glee Club has volunteered to give a concert in aid of the sufferers by the flood in Illinois. John White, who lost his life in arresting Frank Rande, the St. Elmo murderer.

THE AIMEE OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY are at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., this week.

THE CAMILLA URSO concert in Troy, N. Y., Nov. 21, was very lightly attended. Louise Oliver Concert Company are billed for 29.

A PIANIST is wanted for a first-class dancing academy at Providence, R. I., and the advertiser would like to hear from G. C. Reynolds.

MUSICAL NOTES from Boston, Mass., as sent by our correspondent, are as appended:

Theodore Thomas is to give his third and fourth concerts in Music Hall Dec. 5, and matinee 8, with Mathilde Wilde and Master Leopold Lichtenberg as soloists ..... Miss Winslow, the only daughter of the late Commodore Winslow, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Poole and Wulf Fries, will give a piano recital in Union Hall 26 ..... A dime concert is to be given at Treasurer Temple Dec. 5 by Miss Miller and Mr. Lang complimentary concert is to be given at Mechanics' Hall 26, for the benefit of John P. Savage ..... J. Jay Smith announces the first of his chamber concerts at Hall 26. Charles H. Clark, Master William H. Lee, Frank Gilder and Master Charles Lowe Jr. are engaged ..... W. J. Sherwood is second vocalist at Trinity for the afternoon of Dec. 3 ..... Miss Cappiani and her pupils are to give a concert in Union Hall Dec. 3. She will have the aid of W. H. Sherwood, pianist, and Mr. Whitney, bass ..... Sunday concerts. N. Lothian inaugurated his series at the Boston Theatre 25, when Miss Mary Beebe, soprano; Alfred Wilkie, tenor; C. Leverett, cornet-soloist and Theodore Senia, xylophonist, appeared in connection with the Boston Theatre orchestra ..... Brown's Brigade Band gave their fifth concert at Beethoven Hall 24, assisted by Miss Lillian Bailey being the soloist, and George W. Sumner the pianist ..... At night, Miss Georgie E. Cayvan, assisted by Sig. Brignoli and the Mrs. H. M. Smith Concert Company, gave a reading ..... Miss Fanny Kellogg and Theo. Thomas' Orchestra are to appear in concert at Melrose, Mass., Dec. 8 ..... Messrs. Ferdinand and Herman Carri will give the first of a series of musical entertainments in this city on Nov. 27 ..... Miss Mathilde Wilde, soprano from Dresden, who was to have made her metropolitan debut on Nov. 24, is now to make it Dec. 24th, on the same hall, but in a public rehearsal for Theodore Thomas first concert, instead of in Damrosch's symphony concert. "Seventeen recalls, seventeen bouquets and $14,000 in receipts, *with great success also of M. Nicolini*," are the telegraphed results of Adelina Patti's initial appearance at the Academy of Music in "Lucia" on Nov. 24 ..... Dr. Damrosch has decided to give a second series of Saturday concerts in Steinway Hall, beginning Dec. 8 ..... The Chicago Musical College will give a concert at McCormick Hall on Dec. 3, and Dudley Buck has won the elegant baton put up at the Carney Hospital Fair, Boston, for the most popular musical conductor—"by a large majority" of votes.

VARIETY HALLS.

MANAGERS desiring to keep their houses permanently before the attention of artists, and of arranging dates with first-class people, will find a card in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC a great assistance to them. Those desiring to advertise in the next edition are notified that copy should be sent in not later than Dec. 18. See rates in our business department.

VARIETY ARTISTS desiring to keep their names and lines of business permanently before the attention of managers should advertise in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC; and those desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity are notified that copy must be sent in not later than Dec. 18. Rates are published in our advertising department.

CORRECTION.—In cutting down our Reading (Pa.) correspondent's letter, in our past issue, a somewhat ambiguous sentence was hastily altered so that it read: "W. A. Rouse opened the Grand Opera-house, Reading, Pa., Nov. 17, as the Grand Central; but the improvements were not quite finished." What our correspondent intended to say was: "Mr. Rouse opened at the Grand Opera-house because the improvements of the Grand Central (where he was to have opened) were not quite finished."

DAVE FOSTER, Arty Hughes, Press Eldridge and Charley Lamont are performing with Mme. Ducios' Troupe of Biondes.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION is to show in Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 24, Wilmington 26, 27, Charleston, S. C., 28, 29, 30, Savannah, Ga., Dec. 1, and Jacksonville, Fla., 3.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Rochester, N. Y., good business is reported. The attractions last week were Nellie McDonald, Alice Frane, Alice Hale and Agnes May, vocalists; Jimmy Mack, clog and jig dancer; G. W. Hunter, Irish character songs; Joe Mack, comedian; Harry Brown, vocalist; Andy Showers and his educated dogs and monkeys. The theatre is under the management of H. Showers & Co.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Empire City, Kas., at our latest advices the company included Leonard and Wright, Billy Hughes, Billy Forrest, Cora Lyons, Maggie Wray, Viola Dept, and Ella White. William Hughes is proprietor; John Leonard, stage-manager; Wm. Forrest, business-manager; and D. H. Leverich, musical director.

SAM MURDY of the Parlor Comedy Company was reported Nov. 16 as being very sick in Elko, Nev., with brain-fever.

KERNAN BROS. have disposed of their interest in the New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., to Charles Howard and Joseph Adams, who notify all parties having dates at this house to address them as per card.

MINNIE RAINFORTH, serio-comic vocalist, announces her first open date as Dec. 24. Address as per card.

THE ARTISTS are all engaged for the holiday specialty season at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Manager Sinn desires his card elsewhere to be an answer to all applicants.

CHAS. S. ROGERS and Maitlie Virkers, in their specialty of "Stage Struck," begin an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., Nov. 26. They have made quite a success of their act, and have received considerable praise from the press wherever they have played. An extract from *The Buffalo Courier*, published elsewhere, speaks of their performances as "a capital show."

BRYANT AND WILLIAMS, comedians, grotesques, etc., have added to their repertory the new sketches "Our Boys" and "Somesense," and a new song-and-dance, "The Two Orphans." Robt. Williams, who has been ill for some time, announces that he has entirely recovered.

AT THE ATHENÆUM, horizontal bar, flying trapeze, pantomime performers and tumblers, who recently crossed Montmorency Falls, P. Q., on a wire, previous to the performance each evening at the Queen's Theatre, Toronto, Ont., are open for engagements for any of their specialties. See Mons. Niblo's card.

SPECIALTY PERFORMERS are wanted at the Queen's Theatre, Toronto, Ont., to play on percentage. Address Manager Collins, as per card.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance continued good during the week ending Nov. 24, an attractive programme being then given with the following fresh features: W. J. Walton in his "Musical Punch" specialties, and the concluding drama of "The Black Hand," Nov. 24; Will H. Morton sustained six characters and introduced his musical act; Miss Alice Montague and Messrs. R. N. Breisford and J. H. Morton, the other new faces, also appearing in said drama. Lew and Frank Collins remained here, and in which they will be seen; Miss Ethel Linton, Miss Erba Robeson, Frank Jones and Alice Montague also closed. The new arrivals announced for Nov. 26 are the Etzeltine Sisters, Charles and Annie Whiting, Miss Nully Pieris, M. and Mrs. Dalton Rogers, Miss Ada Ajax, Berry Mitchell, Frank Butler and his trained dog.

A LADY PARTNER for trapeze business and a little girl for minor parts are wanted by Grayburn & Davenport. See card.

HARRY CAUSLAND arrived in San Francisco, Cal., from Honolulu, H. I., in the steamship City of New York, Nov. 15. He had a benefit in the last-named city Nov. 3, being assisted by Charles Derby, A. Wessels, James Luproli and H. Berger.

WILLIS PICKERT, clog-dancer, is performing at the Olympic, Cincinnati, O.

THE VICTORELLIS, gymnasts, and Annie Braddon, vocalist, are fulfilling their eighth engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., and their first open date is March 11, 1878. Address as per card.

WALTON is now appearing at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., in his instrumental performances, double-voiced vocalisms and funnyisms. He publishes an extract from a Toledo paper praising him as a musical Punch and a novelty.

NEIL BURGESS opens at Providence 26 for one week. Chas. L. Howard, and not Chas. T. Howard, is his business-manager.

THOSE DESIRING OF obtaining instruction in all kinds of acrobatic and gymnastic exercises are referred to Curry & Hall's advertisement of their training school, published in this issue.

HARRY AND JOHN KERNELL were each the recipients on Nov. 17 of a handsome gold-headed cane from the managers of the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill.

KELLY AND RYAN are to close an engagement of ten weeks' duration in San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 29, and then return to this city.

AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., the arrivals Nov. 19 were Miss Anna Bradbon in vocal gems of a pleasing character, the Victorellis, gymnasts, and Miss Charlotte Stanley. Miss Lou Sanford failed to appear; no reason given. Miss Annie Fischer performed a ballad each evening. Business good. Departures 24: Blanche Rosell, to Norfolk; Jeanette Lewis, to New Central Theatre; Turner and Geyer, to Pittsburg; and Harry and Nellie Weeks, to Hartford. Billed for 26: Signor Cappolo and Mlle. Oznola, Jennie Eagan, Lillie Howard, Annie Hall and J. H. Woodie. The Perry Brothers, who were billed for 26, telegraphed that they will not be able to appear. Letter of Nov. 24.

THE COMPANY at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., the past week consisted of C. T. Nichols in the drama of "Eileen Allanna," supported by the Academy stock, John Riley, Ali Miles and the D'Alve Sisters. Business good.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, has been again taken in execution of a claim against John Brown Parker, and was advertised to be sold by the Sheriff on Nov. 26.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ITEMS to Nov. 23 are furnished as appended by our correspondent: "Sam E. Ryan, the Continental Four, Charles Turner, and Foley and Sheffer were the new appearances during the current week at the National Theatre Comique. Mr. Ryan appeared as Martin Denman in his drama of 'Our Workingmen,' and as Billy Bunn in 'Uncle Sam's Boys.' The Continentals figured in clogs and songs-and-dances; Mr. Turner gave Irish songs-and-dances, and Foley and Sheffer a musical act, 'Uncle Ike's Jubilee.' Closing: Jessie Adams, Sandusky; Continental Four, Grand Rapids; Walter Benn, to join Maggie Mitchell; Charles Turner, Minnie Rainforth, Sam E Ryan, and Moore and Lessinger. Mme. Ducios' Blondes open 26, and at the expiration of their week Mr. Hyams gives up the theatre, which will probably close. Wood's Theatre, under the management of Nat Hyams, will open Dec. 3, with T. G. Riggs as dramatic star ..... The novelties at the Colliseum 19 were the Burton Stanley Combination, composed of Burton Stanley, Mabel Stanley, Eddie Stanley, and Harry Buckingham in 'Flirting;' Harry Guion and Mattie Seymour, who join the Stock, and Angie Schott, in her sketch 'Le Salon du Diable,' and also the drama 'Echo Rock.' R. C. Hart, the stage-manager, is going to Louisville this week. Harry Guion being his substitute. Departures: The Sharpleys, Pittsburg, and Milligan and Weaver, Detroit. Opening 26: Richmond [illegible], Chas. and Carrie Austin, Ada Foy, Alice [illegible], Maud Oswald and John J. McDonough, together with the drama of 'Pink Dominos.' Fanny Louise Buckingham in 'Mazeppa,' supported by Hattie May Asbury, opens Dec. 3. E. Fox of the Colliseum has become Miss Buckingham's agent ..... Her horse Fisher with her trained horse Beauty in 'Mazeppa.' Elsa Canisea, prima donna, who sang in Italian, English and German; and Johnny Shay, an amusing comedian, opened at Heuck's 19. Business big, standing-room being at a premium nightly. Departures: Ed. Banker and Frank Lawton, Indianapolis. Opening 26: Alf Burnett, Fernando Fleury, and Mlle. Merelle. Kate Fisher is also re-engaged to play 'The French Spy' on horseback ..... Joe Norton, juggler; Mollie Boyd, serio comic; and Ada Adair, a neat song-and-dance artist, appeared at the Eldorado 19. Biz fair. Departures: Harry Budworth, Burt Stowe, Blanche and John Nichols, and Mollie Boyd. Arrivals: Dan and Mamie Hassen, Charles McCaslin, the Lawrences, and Lucy Forrester ..... Wm. H. Ashton, pantomimist, was the only new appearance at Shickling's 19. A first-part, the burlesque of 'Blue Beard,' and pantomime of Mother Goose were the features of the programme. In the burlesque there was an 'Amazonian March.' Biz fair. No departures. Opening 26: Crawford Brothers and Adele Leonard."

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THE WINNETTS—Thomas and Lotta—have been re-engaged for two weeks longer at Ward's Opera-house, Paterson, N. J.

CHARLES AND ANNIE WHITING, musical artists, who have just closed at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, opened at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 26. Mr. Pastor recommends them as first-class artists. See card.

ANNIE FOX, late of the variety profession, but now leading-lady of the Halsey Dramatic Company, desires to call attention of professionals to her card in another column.

WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati, O., will be opened for the season Dec. 3, under the management of Nat Hyams. First-class specialty artists and dramatic stars are wanted.

IRA A. PAINE, the crack shot, who is giving exhibitions of glass-ball shooting at various theatres, announces his act as entirely different from any other in this line now being performed. He can be engaged by addressing as per card.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTES desiring engagements at the Theatre Comique, Rochester, N. Y., are referred to the managers' advertisement.

AT THOMPSON'S THEATRE, Dallas, Texas, the company now engaged includes Chas. Petrie (stage-manager), J. Powers, Thompson and Beson, Jas. Thompson, Jas. Bowley, J. W. Catchpole, Emil Rohmer, J. E. Hassett (orchestra leader), Misses Dora Bishop, Maggie Louise, Viola Wray, Miss. Albertine, Josie Fay, Mollie Nicholls, Jennie Melville, Kate and Baby Murray, and an efficient corps de ballet. The Alfaretta Bros. have just closed a successful Harrison season.

AT MARTIN'S GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., business was good the past week. The arrivals were Walter Wentworth, Kitty Allyne, Lillan Forrest, Morton and Leavitt and Frank Lawton. The departures 24 were Wentworth, idle; and Leavitt, sick. Morton, Leavitt's partner, will double with Lawton, whose partner, Collyer, has been incapacitated from duty. The bookings for 26 are Rel Mueah and Emil Souroux and Adelina ..... J. Randall and Co. minstrels. Closing 26: Allen and May Cannon, Susie Starr and Minnie Clyde ..... Thanksgiving matinees are announced at both houses. Advices of Nov. 25.

A MUSICAL TEACHER, who makes a specialty of teaching professionals, advertises in this issue.

ENOS AND HOWARD, sketch artists and clever dancers, have taken up the variety business, appearing as a mimic and character vocalist. He performs at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, Nov. 26, and can be addressed for engagements as per card.

SHEEHAN AND JONES, Irish sketch artists, who have been performing for the past two weeks at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, have been re-engaged to appear Jan. 7 and Feb. 4, 1878.

PROF. J. W. SHEPARD, concertina player and musical specialist, can be engaged after Dec. 1. See card.

THE FONTAINEBLEAUS—Leona, Blanche and Baby Ella—begin an engagement at the Theatre Comique, this city, Dec. 3. For vacant dates apply as per card.

MRS. H. I. BRINKLEY in her comic portraitures of "Men of the Period" can be engaged through Allen's Dramatic Agency, advertised elsewhere.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., at the Academy business has been good. The fresh appearances comprised the Big 4—Smith, Waldron, Morton and Martin—in their act "Wonders," Fannie Beane in songs-and-dances, Sam Dearin in a musical act, and Dan Nash in Irish songs and-dances. Departure 24: Sam Dearin, to Grand Rapids, Mich. G. A. Carroll remains in town. Arrivals 26: The Willis Sisters and Kitty Whitland. Hugh Fay was called home to Providence, R. I., last week, to attend his mother's funeral, returning 22. Manager Emmett left for New York Nov. 20 ..... At the Colliseum a good attendance has prevailed, and a fine olio bill was presented. It comprised the pantomime of "Robert Macaire," in which Thorne and Chrisdie appeared to advantage; Miss Carrie Lavarnie, who made her first appearance in character change sonas; Al. Burton and Helen Nash in "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle at Home;" Annie Hindle, who gave some fresh songs and displayed some stylish male costumes; M

RATES,

SUBSCRIPTION.—For annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

FOR 1878.

ADVERTISEMENTS

INTENDED FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF THE ALMANAC SHOULD BE SENT IN AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE AND

NOT LATER THAN DEC. 18.

THOSE RECEIVED FIRST WILL BE GIVEN PREFERENCE OF PLACE.

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BELOW IS A SPECIMEN OF A TEN-LINE CARD, SO THAT ADVERTISERS CAN JUDGE OF THE SPACE AND STYLE:

THE ROBINSONS,
AMELIA AND THOMAS,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
MUSICAL SKETCH ARTISTS AND DANCERS.
Address care of CLIPPER OFFICE.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
FRANK QUEEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
88 AND 90 CENTRE STREET,
POST-OFFICE BOX 3,860. NEW YORK.

BRYANT AND WILLIAMS
in their new song-and-dance, entitled
THE TWO ORPHANS. 36-1t*

A JUVENILE PHENOMENON.
The little daughter of J. W. BANKSON of the WHITE COMBINATION, although but four years old, shows remarkable dramatic talent. In the characters of Hendrick and Meena in "Rip Van Winkle," played in this city last week, she displayed her wonderful versatility, speaking and acting both parts where they did not conflict, and altering the text to meet the situation occasioned by the flight of a little girl who had been picked up here to play Meena. The little BANKSON showed a strong conception of the character, and acted it perfectly. If she isn't overtaxed while young, we predict a brilliant future for her. Wherever she appears, both ladies and gentlemen are lavish in their praise of her beauty and intelligence, and very often ladies wait after the entertainment to see her, and bestow upon her kisses and exclamations of admiration, and often valuable little presents.—TUSCOLA (ILL.) JOURNAL. 36-1t

J. W. BANKSON, care of CLIPPER.

ALL CURIOSITIES DESIRING ENGAGEMENTS for this Winter or the coming season of 1878, with the Sideshow with Old John Robinson's Great World's Exposition, address JOHN WILSON, care Russell, Morgan & Co., 258 and 260 Race street, Cincinnati, O. 36-2t

OPERA-HOUSE,
AVOCA, IOWA.
This beautiful house now open. Seating capacity, 800. FINE SCENERY, ETC.
Good show town. First-class companies played on shares, or will rent on reasonable terms. For particulars address COFFMAN & HARLOW,
36-4t* Avoca, Iowa.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN,
Vine street, Philadelphia. HENRY MILLER, Proprietor; GEO. KURTZ, Manager. Now offering the largest business of any theatre in Philadelphia, employing nothing but first-class artists. Incompetents must close after the first night. Salaries paid every Monday morning at 10 o'clock. All opening business must be sent one week in advance. Address all communications as above. 29-13t*

OPERA-HOUSE,
SHERMAN, TEXAS.
POPULATION 8,000.
This new hall is one of the most beautiful in the Southwest. Lit with gas. Scenery complete. Seating capacity 600. Size of stage 20x25ft. For terms and particulars address COOK & WRIGHT,
15-26t* Lessees and Managers.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.
HAWKES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Only licensed theatre in the city. Own all billboards.
W. T. CANADA,
33-26t* Manager, Box 366.

BOB WILLIAMS
has entirely recovered from HIS SICKNESS. 36-1t*

1,500 OPERA-CHAIRS AT A SACRIFICE. Full descriptive circular and price-list on application to JAS. F. CROSSEN,
15-13t* 8 Lafayette place, New York.

SKETCHES, DRAMAS, ACTS, Songs, Stump-speeches, Gags, Jokes, Farces, Burlesques, and Variety and Minstrel Novelties written to order by L. DAVEAU, 116 South First street,
32-tf Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

WHITNEY'S HALL,
ATLANTIC, IOWA.
Seating capacity, 600. Finest stage and stage scenery in Western Iowa. Ample dressing-room. Population, say 4,000. Terms reasonable. Address F. H. WHITNEY,
President Baar or Atlantic. 15-26t*

OPERA-HOUSE,
WACO, TEXAS.
POPULATION, 8,000.
Complete set of scenery. Lighted with gas. Capacity, 400. For terms address J. P. GARLAND,
27-13t* Waco, Texas.

TO LET,
GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA,
by the night or season, to responsible parties, a beautiful OPERA-HOUSE, furnished with folding-chairs, stage and stage scenery. Capacity, 700. Population, 30,000. Address
25-17t* POTTER & SEYMOUR, Germantown, Pa.

GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE,
TROY, N. Y.
TO LET, OR PLAY ON SHARES,
BY NIGHT OR WEEK.
HAVE OPEN DATES FROM NOV. 1 TO DEC. 22, 1877.
This house has been run for the last six years as a Star Theatre, and contains all modern improvements for producing first-class pieces. For dates and particulars address W. D. VAN ARNUM,
31-tf Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN NOVELTY THEATRE, MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
FRED WALDMANN.....Proprietor
OPEN THE YEAR AROUND. 32-13t*

C. W. BARRY,
open to negotiate for production of HIS GREAT SUCCESSES,
BROKEN FETTERS, ECHOES, DEAD MEN'S SHOES, THE SPY, ESCAPED FROM SING SING.
29-13t Address 667 Sixth avenue, N. Y.

NOVELTY THEATRE,
AT TURNER HALL, DAYTON, OHIO.
Open all the year round. First-class specialty artists will please write for a date.
32-3t* S. LOPEZ, Proprietor.

MUSIC HALL,
VOLCANO, WOOD CO., WEST VIRGINIA.
CENTRE OF THE WEST VIRGINIA OIL REGION.
Beautiful, capacious new hall now building. Ready Nov. 20. Large, amusement-loving population. For terms address THE VOLCANO HALL CO.,
35-13t* Volcano, Wood Co., W. Va.

NOTICE TO AGENTS AND MANAGERS.
We would respectfully inform the above that the WAMSUTTA HALL, AT NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS., can be engaged at prices to suit the times. It has a SEATING CAPACITY OF NINE HUNDRED PEOPLE, and is very popular, having a LARGE STAGE AND SCENERY, COMPLETE.
This is a great show-town.
Please give us a call. 32-3t

NEW MECHANICS' HALL,
CITY OF LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.
This new, commodious and elegant hall is now open to rent. It has a good stage, footlights and other lights, and full sets of stage scenery. Seating capacity 900. Situation very central.
For full particulars apply to
31-13t* SERGEANT-MAJOR GRAY, Mechanics' Institute

CATALOGUE AND PRICE-list of Plays, Wigs, Beards, Colored Fires, Cork, etc., mailed free. JAS. F. CROSSEN,
25-13t* 8 Lafayette place, N. Y.

ORCHESTRAL PARTS (SEVEN INSTRUMENTS) written to order from first violin or piano copy, and mailed, postpaid, for fifty cents per common-length song. JOHN N. CHADSEY, Chatham Centre, N. Y. Send for free catalogue. 28-13t*

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL
ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED,
enlarged and redecorated. New stock of scenery and drop-curtain, new dressing-rooms, etc., etc.; situated in the most central part of the city, and one of the most elegant and convenient theatres on the continent. Is now ready to let for short or long season, or long lease. For open dates and terms apply to [32-6t] JESSE JOSEPH, Proprietor.

MRS. AD. BORST,
PROFESSIONAL BOARDING-HOUSE,
34-13t* 118 Crosby street, New York.

PEORIA, ILL.,
ACADEMY OF MUSIC (New
E. F BENTON, Proprietor and Manager
30-13t*

KEPPLINGER'S HALL, DWIGHT Ill. Seating capacity, 600. Share, or rent low. Address proprietors, as above. Good show town. 34-4t*

MY PRETTY RED ROSE.
New song by Skelly, 40c.; with orchestra arrangement by Ross, 60c. "When the Flowers Fall Asleep," 35c.; orchestra arrangement, Ross, 60c. "Don't Get Weary, Children," great sensation, 40c. Specialties for professionals. FRED. BRUCK BLUME, 861 Broadway, 3 doors above 17th st. [35-13t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY FOR one year—A good ALTO SINGER, who is a fair reader and strictly temperate. One that can play brass preferred. State compass of voice and particulars. Address Quincy, Ill. CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
36-1t Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels.

CHARLES F. WELTZIEN,
Double Bass and Tuba, open for engagement—Theatre, variety or minstrels. With Kelly & Leon's Minstrels two seasons. Address
35-2t* GENESEE HOUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

MUSEUMS AND COLLEGES can buy the best collection of Mounted Birds, Animals, Wax Figures, etc., in the country. Living curiosities wanted. Apply Chadwick's Museum, Wilmington, Del. 35-2t*

BRYANT AND WILLIAMS
in their new sketch, entitled
SOMEBENCE. 36-1t*

THE CARROLLS' WESTERN OVATION! Their original creations, THE McFADDENS, "Niches from Nature" and "Carrolls' Masquerade," have made the most astonishing success in Chicago, at Hamlin's Colisemm; in Cincinnati, at Buchman's Collseum; in Pittsburg, at Sproul's Fourth-avenue Theatre, their acting, singing, dancing and general versatility creating enthusiastic appreciation from press and people. Managers wishing to engage THE THREE CARROLLS, address Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. Carroll takes great pleasure in returning sincere thanks to the above managers for the kindly manner in which they have treated him and his two sons, and cheerfully recommends them, one and all, for honesty, integrity and liberality in all dealings with them. 36-1t

MOZART OPERA-HOUSE,
Michigan City, Indiana, 56 miles east of Chicago, on the line of the Michigan Central, Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago, and Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railways. A rapidly-growing city of over seven thousand population. This building is new and centrally located; audience-room in second story; double entrance; and has a seating capacity of 800 to 1,000, including gallery; fitted with a large and roomy stage, 20 by 40ft.; drop-curtain; first-class scenery; stage equipments; dressing-rooms, etc., etc. Perfectly adapted to the use of theatrical and minstrel troupes, concerts or other entertainments. For terms, which will always be reasonable, address JOHN KRUGER, Manager, Michigan City, Indiana. 34-26t

EICHBERG'S OPERA-HOUSE,
CHAMPAIGN, ILL. New hall, full sets of scenerins, gas, etc. Low rent. Good entertainments pay well. Address EICHBERG BROS., Champaign, Ill. 35-3t*

AGENTS, ATTENTION.
Agents of first-class combinations about to visit Holyoke, Mass., will learn something to their advantage by calling on or addressing KENDALL & BEST,
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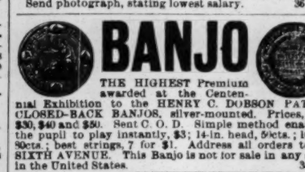

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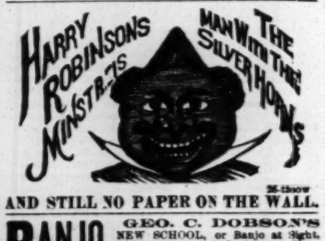

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